Hubert Humphrey *James Deakin*

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

May 29, 1965, 35 cents

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22	16,546
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24	16,030
25	15,790
26	15,585
27	15,418
28	15,248
29	15,041
30	14,760
31	14,399
32	13,983
33	13,519
34	13,016
35	12,480
36	11,892
37	11,246
38	10,573
39	9,904
40	9,270
41	8,665
42	8,068
43	7,488
44	6,936
45	6,420
46	5,944
47	5,502
48	5,088
49	4,699
50	4,330
51	3,980
52	3,653
53	3,349
54	3,069
55	2,810
56	2,579
57	2,374
58	2,190
59	2,024
60	1,870
61	1,734
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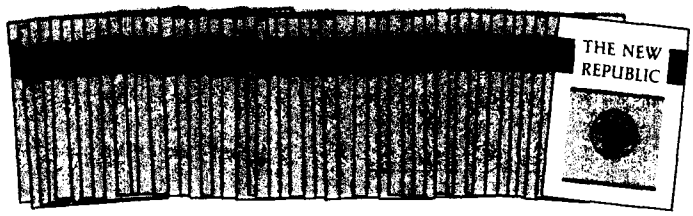

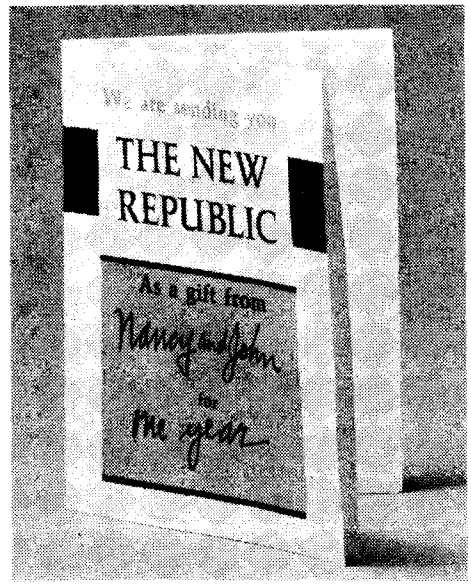

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Who Sees Johnson?

★ We can't get used to the lack of weekly White House press conferences. We think them essential in the twin Vietnam and Santo Domingo crises. The country needs them and Mr. Johnson needs them too.

In old days the country kept in touch by debate in Congress. That vanished with television. Meanwhile Washington had invented the White House press conference. It was an indispensable tool of democracy. Much of the current commotion and confusion comes from dropping it. (The new "teach-in" technique may help fill part of the void.) Aides can't replace the President. Impromptu TV appearances aren't enough. The formal press conference is the equivalent of the House of Commons question time, and it is needed most during a crisis.

Mr. Johnson is a hard man to understand. When he holds a rare, formal White House press conference he does it well. It is a tool that, we should think, he would grab. We say this sympathetically. We have not abandoned hopes in Vietnam, and we are prepared to give him the benefit of a lot of doubts. But what are we to believe?

We had been told, for example, that the Organization of American States was not informed before US intervention in Santo Domingo. Now comes the semi-official announcement from columnist Drew Pearson that the OAS *was* notified. There has been no press conference to clear this up.

Mr. Johnson has replaced the orderly press conference with a system of self-imposed confusion. Dozens of individual reporters see him in off-the-record personal interviews. Scores trot around with him in the rose garden, trying to catch ideas on the fly. "What did he say? What did he say?" There never was a time when so many news stories appeared on the authority of "a high government source." It is exasperating to get information on such a basis.

A reporter asked Mr. Johnson not long ago whether a lull in bombing would not be a good idea? It was before the President actually tested the plan. Mr. Johnson sniffed and responded, "Why, I gave them one; I did no bombing today." It is all on a personal basis. Mr. Johnson picks the sites, launches the plane, releases the bombs.

Washington buzzes with stories of private interviews. Mr. Johnson does most of the talking, he seems to get a kind of release out of it. The visiting reporter notes the three-screen TV, showing major networks side by side. The President controls it remotely. The AP and UPI news tickers murmur in his office. He follows opinion polls avidly.

A current story is of a reporter closeted with Mr. Johnson. "What's on your mind?" asks the President cordially. As always he speaks with friendly simplicity. The reporter clears his throat. But before he can speak Mr. Johnson describes improved rice and pork production in South Vietnam. Five minutes later the President asks, "Well, what's your complaint?" The reporter has no complaint and clears his throat again. This time Mr. Johnson explains the low per capita income of Vietnamese peasants, down to a miserable $50 a year. He interrupts himself to look at the news ticker. "Who leaked this?" he demands of an aide. "Find out and stop it." The dazed reporter leaves with little knowledge. The President urges him to come back any time, whenever he has any more questions.

Some Get Richer . . .

★ If you really want to worry about something in a big way why not try the growing disparity between rich and poor countries. We guess it is the biggest issue for the next 100 years.

Already it affects Vietnam and Santo Domingo. But that's just the start. Population is growing faster than food. But that's only part of it. The rich are getting richer, the poor, poorer; only it's nations, not people. Barbara Ward said the gap is widening "between a white, complacent, highly bourgeois, very wealthy, very small North Atlantic elite and everybody else. . . ." Everybody else is a lot of people. Swedish economist Gunnar Myrdal, in Washington recently, says things are moving toward a "world calamity." He sees "mass starvation" coming in 10 years. Just a little bit more hunger, he says, will push the masses over the brink in half a dozen spots in Africa, Asia and Latin America.

Myrdal also notes that the disparity is growing. The rate of food production jumps in the US but is stagnant in India. The Dominican per capita income, $240 a year, has hardly increased in four years. Most of the poorer countries depend on exports; when prices of wool, rubber, cocoa, coffee or sugar sink it aids the rich countries, ruins the have-nots.

In a vague way we all know this. But the rich, white "North Atlantic" elite are not really prepared to do much. Experts at the UN estimate that only about one-half of one percent of the income of the wealthy industrial countries is now going to help underdeveloped countries. People won't starve passively. Misery makes Communists. What in the world the US will do if another revolt like Santo Domingo's erupts in Latin America we can't imagine; the US is suffering from an acute Cuba fixation and presumably will send in the Marines at the drop of a hat by the Goldwater faction at the White House.

Popularity and Prosperity

★ Here at home meanwhile President Johnson's popularity is linked closely to prosperity. It lubricates everything. It is the most extraordinary expansion in peacetime history, now in its 51st month. It is man-made, too, the result of planning. It is the luscious fruit of modern economics; using the budget to sustain growth. It helped defeat Goldwater, steamroller Congress, mute criticism on foreign policy. As the *London Economist* notes, "Business Loves Lyndon." Labor loves him, too. We think Mr. Johnson can keep his unique consensus in being just so long as he can keep the economy rising. When it falters, look out.

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Stepping into Fights

Secretary of Defense McNamara has informed us that "the choice is not simply whether to continue our efforts to keep South Vietnam free and independent, but rather whether to continue our efforts to halt Communism in Asia." Events in the Dominican Republic suggest that that may be the Administration's choice in Latin America too. Africa is relatively quiet at the moment and does not interest President Johnson much anyway, so there may be no urgent need there for US troops to "halt Communism," but that could change if "Marxists" began beating back Tshombe in the Congo. All this raises a devilish question: how sweeping is the Administration's commitment to defending governments threatened or convulsed by civil war?

Mr. McNamara's sense of our duty derives partly from the old doctrine of containment, a doctrine conceived when the United States had overwhelming nuclear superiority, an unquestioned economic primacy, and when the Russians were able to manipulate more or less subservient foreign Communist Parties. That none of these circumstances is the same today ought to be pondered, plus the fact that the containment doctrine did not contain everything. It excluded Quemoy and Matsu, to take one extreme of the spectrum. At the other end, it definitely included Berlin. In being prudently selective, the United States did not surrender its claim to omniscience, only to omnipotence. "A mature great power," Walter Lippmann points out, "will make measured and limited use of its power. It will eschew the theory of global and universal duty which not only commits it to unending wars of intervention, but intoxicates its thinking with the illusion that it is a crusader for righteousness. . . ." That is plain common sense. Some "ins" besieged by "outs" deserve benign US support; some won't be worth defending; some can't be defended without unacceptable risks; some "extremist" regimes, given proper care, will become tolerable (Yugoslavia comes to mind; Castro, on the other hand, may be a case of missed opportunities); some countries, if the Communists did take them over, would be less a threat to the US than a bog to the Communists who took them over. At the moment, Vietnam is our bog.

Professor Zbigniew Brzezinski advised the recent Washington "teach-in" that "in the nuclear age the existing political *status quo* cannot be changed by force." But it can be, is being, and "Marxist" influences will try and shape that change to their particular and nowadays competing purposes. Any broad inference that the US will op-

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pose, by force if necessary, any revolt in which Communists have a hand is based on a presumption that is perilous, because it is false – a presumption that the US has more power and more prescience than it actually can have. And it runs a further danger: since Communists naturally have better pickings where governments are least popular, the US time and again gets stuck with the defense of the indefensible, in the name of halting Communism. It is surely more realistic to distinguish between what we may not like and threats to the security of the United States. We would do well not to rush to conclusions (and to arms) when there is civil strife in Asia, Latin America or Africa. For things often are not what they seem from the privileged perspective of the United States, and they may not next month be what they were last week. The wisest policy planner cannot predict with certainty what they will become a year hence, irrespective of American (or Chinese or Russian) resolution.

The Dominican Republic serves to illustrate. Not so long ago, pro-democratic forces overthrew the Trujillo dictatorship and in a free election received 60 percent of the vote. That new government of Juan Bosch had the sympathy of the Kennedy Administration. Bosch was then overthrown in a military *coup*, which the US tolerated because the leaders of the *coup* spoke boldly of their aversion to Communism. The victorious *junta* was itself then challenged in the streets by the previously deposed constitutional forces loyal to Bosch; at which point President Johnson concluded that these constitutional forces were infiltrated by Communists who were rapidly "rising to the top." US Marines were dispatched. Pro-Bosch forces were sealed off. For all practical purposes, the US aligned itself with the military *junta*. Before many days had passed, however, Ambassador Harriman was saying that the 55 (or 58) Communists who had "risen to the top" were disappearing, and last week, Tad Szulc of *The New York Times* reported from Santo Domingo that Washington had decided to back a new coalition government headed by a close friend and former minister of Juan Bosch. "According to information from highly reliable sources," Mr. Szulc wrote, "the tentative agreement with the rebels was reached over the weekend with the support of Dr. Bosch, in whose behalf the [rebel] movement began its revolt on April 24." This turnabout by Washington was a victory for the movement which the Johnson Administration earlier said was dominated by Communists. But within 48 hours, US troops were again helping the *junta* clean up on the rebels! We have not heard the end of this story, but day by day it becomes clearer that the Dominican Republic, at least, was one place where it would have been advisable to think longer and harder before intervening to put down a "war of national liberation."

Tax Reform Gets Lost

To coin a phrase, whatever happened to tax reform? It played a prominent part in President Kennedy's economic thinking, and the Democratic platform last year said there was need to remove inequities in the tax laws as well as to have further tax reduction. But all the emphasis now is on cuts, which are popular with Congress. Little is said about broadening the tax base or eliminating the loopholes.

In his budget proposals in January, the President promised to reduce excise taxes by $1.75 billion. But he is so pleased with the results of last year's $14-billion corporate and individual income-tax cuts that he now proposes doubling the dose as far as the excise taxes are concerned. He wants them cut by $1.75 billion this summer, and by another $1.75 billion next January. (Thereafter there would be cuts totaling almost half a billion dollars, between 1967 and 1969.) Excise taxes are the nuisance taxes that are stuck like small leeches on to women's handbags, furs, cosmetics, jewelry and so forth, as well as to automobiles, refrigerators, air conditioners, television sets and other items which are scarcely classed as luxuries any more. Most of these taxes are legacies from a world war that many Americans can't remember. They can be got rid of without damage and their removal will help the economy. Dropping them, Mr. Johnson said in his message, will stimulate spending, therefore will help business, enlarge income, and so in turn increase not diminish federal revenue; given the cuts, the administrative budget deficit will be "well below" the previous estimate of $5.3 billion unless defense spending has to rise. The proof is in the pudding that last year's $14-billion tax cuts produced: buying went up, but prices stayed steady and unemployment went down somewhat.

All this is fine, but the cuts are not a substitute for reform. True, Mr. Johnson said that cutting excise taxes will "lessen the burden of regressive taxes on low-income families" (though few low-income families splurge on jewels and furs). The fact remains that Social Security withholding taxes from wages will go *up* by $5 billion in January to help pay for Medicare, but the government will continue to lose $5 billion or $6 billion a year in revenue (at a conservative estimate) through capital-gains loopholes, and another $2.5 billion a year from oil and gas depletion allowances. The US income-tax structure is a lot more unfair than the excise taxes. It isn't just a nuisance, it's a menace and in less placid countries would be almost a spur to revolution. It is a grossly antiquated tangle of hidden benefits to the few and booby-trap penalties for the many. It is like Italian railway rates, of which it is said that if every passenger paid instead of so many

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having free passes, the fares could be halved (Senator Douglas indeed has stated that removing inequities would make it possible to cut US individual income taxes literally by half). So, though it may have been political wisdom not to entangle tax cuts with tax reforms last year when cuts were urgently required, tax cuts should not henceforth be automatically preferred above tax reform. Apart from the heavy cost of defense, there are many pressing social needs in the United States that must set limits to simple tax surgery. But nothing can rule out the need for an equitable tax structure, which the country still hasn't got.

Judge Coleman?

President Johnson is reported to be ready to nominate former Governor James P. Coleman of Mississippi to fill a year-long vacancy on the all-important US Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit. The choice is said to have the approval of Senators Eastland and Stennis, and it has, so far, aroused no opposition from the civil rights organizations.

Mr. Coleman, the immediate predecessor in Mississippi of the notorious Ross Barnett, is no Barnett and no Wallace. He supported the Kennedy-Johnson ticket in 1960, and three years later tried to regain the State House by running against Barnett's candidate, Paul Johnson, the present Governor. When contrasted with the present Mississippi establishment, Mr. Coleman looks like a moderate. Yet on his public record, he is nothing if not a stout segregationist. Perhaps it is necessary to make allowance for the fact that this is the public record of an active Mississippi politician. The true and deepest convictions of the man, it may be argued, and his conception of the judicial duty, remain to be proved. What, after all, was the mistaken forecast of many when Franklin D. Roosevelt put forward the name of Hugo L. Black of Alabama?

But Mr. Justice Black is an original. More recently the hopes entertained by President Kennedy and his Attorney General with respect to a number of judicial appointments in the South have been disastrously defeated. The risk is enormous. The country cannot afford another segregationist in the Fifth Circuit, which embraces the hard-core South. Nor can the country afford a "moderate" who sees what is coming but thinks it ought to take a couple of more generations getting there. What is needed is a federal judge who will apply the national policy on civil rights with total fidelity and with conviction, as have a number of judges of the Court of Appeals for the Fifth Circuit, who are, however, not at present a majority. It will be unforgivable if the President fills this vacancy, and another place on the same court that normally goes to a Texan, with anyone other than just such a judge.

Keeping the Draft

Supporters of the draft have claimed for it any number of benefits, from reducing unemployment to leveling social distinctions to curing juvenile delinquency. But the strongest argument has been that without it, the Army could not possibly get the 90,000 new recruits it says it needs each year. Almost every Presidential candidate since 1956 – including Senator Goldwater – has made noises about "studies" to end the draft, and now a Defense Department committee is preparing a report recommending that it be continued. The obstacle to abolition remains primarily financial. To end the draft without reduction of annual recruitment would require increasing the dismally low salaries now paid in the lower categories – $78 a month for the most lowly recruit. By comparison, West Germany pays its lowest recruits $110, and Canada pays $112.

In testimony to a Senate subcommittee, Secretary McNamara disclosed just what the cost of ending the draft would be. "If the pay were to be raised to anything approximating a point where it would attract a sufficient number of men . . . I suspect it would add about $4 billion a year to the military budget."

The Defense Department study (Republicans tried in vain to have it done by an independent committee) will also recommend more chances for deferment, and some "incentives" to retain recruits. But the draft remains a poor way to raise and keep an army. It is militarily inefficient: 97 percent of all draftees leave the minute their hitch is up, and their training – especially for today's technological operations – is inadequate. In expense and time wasted, the draft is financially inefficient too, and it removes many men from the general employment market who could be much more economically productive.

Commons Debate on Banning Discrimination

London:

Britain's first essay in racial legislation has run into heavy criticism. The first part of the Labour government's race relations bill sets out the areas where discrimination is to be banned. On the American pattern, a line is drawn between places of public resort where the law applies – hotels, inns, restaurants, cinemas, aircraft, museums, libraries – and essentially private premises where it does not, including boarding houses and clubs. With this division there is little quarrel. What causes concern is the total absence in this section of any prohibition against discrimination in schooling and employment, and only one clause on housing

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which prohibits discriminatory subletting. There is a £50 fine for the first offense, and a £100 fine for the second in cases of discrimination in public places, but a case cannot go forward without the consent of the Director of Public Prosecution, which means that few cases will reach the courts.

Then, too, there is anxiety on all sides about the effect of such fines, levied under criminal law. It has been pointed out to the Home Secretary that the penalties might only make the problem worse and stir up unnecessary resentment. So under pressure, the government has agreed to set up some intermediate conciliation machinery, borrowing again from the experience of the United States and Canada. The Conservative opposition is also urging that any prosecution where conciliation has failed should be a matter for the civil courts, not the criminal. Mr. Peter Thorneycroft, the Conservatives' spokesman on Home affairs, claims that the bill will not do the job if the "taint of criminality" is introduced. Because the government is still nervous about the effects of immigration and race on its showing at the polls, the Home Secretary may yield on this point too.

A further untidiness concerns the position of the Jews. The bill bans discrimination "on grounds of color, race, or ethnic or national origins" and is intended to cover the Jewish minority. The beleaguered Home Office has been firmly reminded that being a Jew is a matter of religion as much as race, and that if the Jews are to be protected the ban must be extended to religious discrimination. The government has said it will consider this too.

But the loudest protest of all has been reserved for the latter part of the bill which deals with incitement to racial hatred. Where such behavior led to a breach of the peace, the law as it stands can intervene under the Public Order Act of 1936. Now the government has widened that Act to include words themselves, whether written or spoken, as opposed to their effect. Technically then, the slogans that deface London's subways are now brought within the scope of the law. The government says that in practice the bill will not work this way. The Attorney General will have to consent to any prosecution under this section, and he is unlikely to seize on any young hooligan who scrawls "Black Go Home" on a wall. The Conservatives retort that the new provision undermines freedom of speech and sets the clock back 300 years. Again they criticize the penalties as too harsh – six months imprisonment or a £200 fine for the first offense, two years imprisonment and £1,000 for the second. They insist that the law should stand where it was before the government brought out the new bill. After all, existing law had been enough to put the National Socialist leader, Colin Jordan, behind bars for a while.

The Conservatives in office always claimed that racial discrimination was better left outside of the law. The trouble Labour is having seems to them to prove their point. But with the immigrant population in Britain now bordering on one million, and the immigrants themselves increasingly wary about discrimination, some attempt has to be made to define what the law should and should not do. In the end the Race Relations Act will look more modest than the original bill on which it was based. Whether it will be enough to damp down racial prejudice and deal with the roots of discrimination is much less likely. With housing, education and employment set to one side, the probability is that this Act will be the first of many.

BRIAN WENHAM

AS SEEN FROM A DISSENTING LATIN AMERICAN DEMOCRACY

The Dominican Crisis

Santiago de Chile

It is fall here and US flags as well as leaves are being burned. The important thing to note, for those North Americans who care, is that the angry demonstrations are not simply the work of *fidelistas*. Chileans are almost unanimous in their support of President Eduardo Frei's condemnation of US intervention in the Dominican Republic. Except for the "Chinese" left and the extreme right, all factions are united behind the ruling Christian Democratic Party's (PDC) position that the crisis is a result of President Johnson's sending in the Marines, not of the civil strife itself. To this legally-minded country the issue is nonintervention, not whether there are 58 or 58,000 Communists in the Dominican Republic. This attitude, the PDC has emphasized, holds for multilateral as well as unilateral interventions. Gabriel Valdés, the foreign minister,

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said recently that almost all the good will fostered by the Alliance for Progress has been lost as a result of the US action. The cartoon on the cover of the satirical weekly *Topaze* (May 6) had President Frei on the telephone explaining to Uncle Sam that what Latin America needed was "*inversiones* (investments) . . . not *invasiones* (invasions)." The chief ideologist of President Frei's party, Jaime Castillo, was not long in making the inevitable comparison with Hungary (much to the irritation of the Communists).

It may be, many friends of the US feel, that the State Department no longer even pretends to listen to dissenting Latin American opinion. Ambassador Averell Harriman's recent mission would seem to suggest this. He was on Chilean soil for merely seven hours; his only remarks to the anxious journalists, except for speaking darkly of training schools for subversion in Havana, was "no comment." Not so with an envoy who arrived some 12 hours after "The Inspector" (as Harriman was called) went on to Peru. The articulate Caonobo Javier – spokesman for the Constitutional forces of the Dominican Republic and a leader of that country's Christian Democrats – came to Santiago on May 7 to obtain recognition for Colonel Francisco Caamaño and to make clear to Chile that the "only struggle in Santo Domingo is against the United States Marines." His long statements were fully reported on the radio and even in the conservative press. He was warmly received.

The long awaited "third force" in Latin America seems to have finally coalesced as a result of the occupation of Santo Domingo by the Marines. Chile, governed by the first Christian Democratic regime in South America, stood alone in its immediate protest and request that the US withdraw; it has not compromised since. The same party in the Dominican Republic is represented by Antonio Rosario, the Caamaño spokesman at the OAS. The leader of Venezuela's Christian Democratic Party, Rafael Caldera, has also backed President Frei. Fellow Christian Democrats in Argentina and in Panama have also denounced US action.

Why US wire services put the word "intervention" in quotes when used by Venezuela's Caldera, especially since President Johnson had been quoted as saying "intervention is necessary," has mystified Chileans. The Voice of America is pleased to announce that Honduras and Brazil (both "gorilla" regimes), have offered to send troops to aid in the "collective action" of an OAS that did not meet until five days after the crisis began, but precious few of the students and workers in Santiago and, one suspects, Tegucigalpa or Rio de Janeiro, are pleased. (An irreverent cartoon in one Santiago daily asked if they were being sent to protect the 25,000 US troops.) Countries *not* sending forces are practically the only viable democracies south of the Rio Grande – Chile, Uruguay and Mexico. The Dominican Republic was, of course, one of the happy few for a brief period in 1963. The fact that Juan Bosch then received over 60 percent of the popular vote impresses Chileans more than the figure of "58 known Communists." More than one PDC member has asked me if President Johnson knows that only last March the Communists of Chile received 12 percent of the vote and that that *bête noire* of *Time*, Socialist Salvador Allende, will probably be President of this country's Senate soon. They wonder if OAS forces might not, under certain circumstances, be landed in Valparaiso some day.

In months to come the "experts in the State Department" might well thank the Frei government – even if that government did, early in the Dominican crisis, receive congratulations from Fidel himself. There is no doubt that the Communists (left and right factions) of Chile and elsewhere would be expanding their membership rolls rapidly were it not for the PDC. The people of Chile support their government. Not just the Marxist-dominated unions but all of the unions, all of the student federations, the Santiago City Council, almost all the political parties including the opportunistic Radicals and – that old journalistic construct – the man-in-the-street have denounced the US and acclaimed Bosch. Opposed to the government are only those few Liberal and Conservative congressmen who survived the PDC steamroller in the March 4 elections. Together, both of these rightist parties represent less than 15 percent of the electorate. Chileans returning home from other Latin American countries and interviewed the first week in May at the Santiago airport contend that President Frei is, because of Chile's position in the OAS, now one of the most respected leaders in South America.

For all the talk of 58 Communists, President Johnson has not made it clear, to apprehensive Chileans at least, just how neutral the US has been and is in the Dominican Republic. They are aware that the anti-Bosch group is in US-controlled territory; even *La Voz*, organ of the Archbishop of Santiago, has regretfully assumed that Uncle Sam is actively aiding the reactionary military *junta*. The fact, too, that US authorities have not permitted a correspondent from one of the biggest Chilean radio stations to leave Puerto Rico to visit Santo Domingo confirms the worst suspicions of many.

Now that the US has its 14-nation rubber stamp majority in the OAS, the Christian Democratic argument has been largely ignored. Yet all government leaders here believe that the OAS will disintegrate unless, at its next meeting, it is reformed so as never to permit a recurrence of the events Latin Americans have been watching with such anxiety these past weeks.

DONALD D. RANSTEAD

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HUMPHREY

Lyndon Johnson's John the Baptist

by James Deakin

Hubert Humphrey is the Administration's faithful hussar, its mobile light cavalry. In the four months that he has been Vice President, he has logged more than 30,000 miles of travel around the country, tirelessly selling the Great Society, extolling harmony and damping the fires of dissent, leading the political cheering section for Lyndon Johnson, wheedling civil rights concessions in the South and debating Vietnam in the North, coordinating the anti-poverty program, the space program and the urban affairs program, expounding, explaining, exhorting, speechifying.

In Washington, he wheels incessantly from meeting to meeting, shoring up a legislative alliance here, dedicating a hospital there, addressing union men and business leaders, receiving delegations, reading reports and dictating memos, chairing an endless procession of conferences on the Peace Corps, the farm problem, the voting rights bill and the plight of the American Indian, punishing his feet at cocktail parties and subsisting on six hours sleep in the dizzy endurance contest that is the hallmark of modern government.

Although Humphrey's sympathies reportedly were with the efforts of Senate liberals to add a ban on poll taxes in state elections to the voting rights bill, he worked hard to line up votes against the amendment when Mr. Johnson decided to oppose it. And if there are any differences between the two men over foreign policy, they are heavily muted. Humphrey's staff describes him modestly as a "loyal aide" to the President, which he certainly is. But circumstances and design have substantially enhanced the stature of the Vice Presidency. The last four Chief Executives have upgraded the job from what Cactus Jack Garner called "a spare tire on the automobile of government" to a position of prestige and importance. George M. Dallas, William A. Wheeler, Charles W. Fairbanks and the other "superfluous excellencies" would recognize neither office nor its current occupant. (Thomas Marshall, Woodrow Wilson's Vice President, rode the day coaches in anonymity and told his fellow passengers that he was a dope peddler who could get away with it because he had an "in" in Washington.)

Partly because of a desire that his Vice President be the best informed and best prepared in history, and partly because the dilemmas of foreign policy are demanding more and more of his attention, Mr. Johnson has piled an increasingly heavy load of domestic responsibility on the willing and experienced shoulders of Hubert Humphrey. The President continues to make all the final decisions, as no one knowing Lyndon Johnson could doubt, but he has delegated many administrative and legislative chores to Humphrey.

The Vice President wears more hats than Hedda Hopper. He is chairman of a cabinet group coordinating all federal activities in the field of civil rights and another which enforces the prohibition on job discrimination by companies having government contracts. He is also chairman of the top policy-making group for the space program, and of the national advisory committee on the Peace Corps; honorary chairman of the national advisory council on the anti-poverty program; head of the President's Council on Youth Fitness; and in charge of a new program to encourage travel to and within the United States. He is Mr. Johnson's liaison man with the nation's mayors on urban problems, has been given the Herculean task of devising a new farm policy, and lobbies doggedly on Capitol Hill as one of the chief shepherds of the Administration's legislative program. By law, he is a member of the National Security Council, and another law makes him a regent of the Smithsonian Institution.

Humphrey has held conferences on civil rights in Louisiana, Florida and North Carolina; he has inspected space installations from coast to coast, and he has inspired the faithful at political rallies in eight states since January. He receives between 800 and 1,000 written requests for speaking appearances every month and 250 telephoned requests each week. With his expanded responsibilities have come some of the usufructs of power. A small jet plane and limousines are at his disposal; a Secret Service agent lives in his house and others accompany him, and he has three offices. Gone are the frowzy days of the West Virginia primary, with its rented buses and scrounging for TV money.

There are two theories about his relationship with Lyndon Johnson. One, assiduously promoted by his

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friends, holds that never has there been a man happier – zestier, one of them put it – in his job, that he bursts from bed each morning thirsting for new ways to add to the glory of his boss. The other holds, essentially, that there must be something wrong somewhere, that Liberal Humphrey could never ride easily in tandem with Consensus Johnson. The forecasts of an eventual tiff ignore many things, and first and foremost the fact that both Johnson and Humphrey accepted the Vice Presidential nomination for the same coldly realistic reason: it was probably their only chance at the Presidency. The curse of regionalism and the hostility of the unions underlay Mr. Johnson's decision in 1960. Humphrey does not have a big-state power base, and he has committed what Brecht called the only modern crime – he was born and has stayed, in political terms, poor. He does not command big money. Only fate or an eight-year record as the President's trusted assistant can send him into the 1972 convention in a position to contend with one or the other Kennedy brother. He will need Mr. Johnson's endorsement, and who in his right mind would rock that boat?

Add to this the evolution of Hubert Humphrey in his 16 years in the Senate. Liberal he started and liberal he remained, but influential he became. From a brash newcomer, who on one occasion saw Senators pointedly walk out of the chamber when he began speaking, to a respected member of "The Club" is a long road. Hard work, ability and ideas carried Humphrey to eminence in the Senate, but there were changes along the way; an encomium from Everett Dirksen, who called him "the most professional of professionals," attests to that.

As a Senator, moreover, Humphrey learned how to get along with Lyndon Johnson. His sense of humor helped, as well as a sincere respect for Mr. Johnson's legislative abilities. Their relationship now is symbiotic; the President can and does make good use of Humphrey's incredible stamina, and when the last remnants of the Kennedy program have been pushed through Congress and new ideas are needed, the Vice President's fecundity will be invaluable. Humphrey, on the other hand, helps his own future whenever he helps Mr. Johnson add new luster to the Administration's domestic record.

Had Humphrey become Vice President in a consensus Administration in 1948, there might have been trouble, for the young reform mayor of Minneapolis was then a practitioner of the politics of turbulence. It was not consensus he was seeking in his fiery speech at the Democratic National Convention of that year, when he appealed to his party to "get out of the shadow of states' rights and walk forthrightly into the bright sunshine of human rights." The convention adopted Humphrey's strong civil rights plank, the Confederate flags went up and the South walked out to form a non-consensus third party.

Nowadays, however, Humphrey says he does not believe that compromise means betrayal. "If I believe in something," he explains, "I will fight for it with all I have. But I do not demand all or nothing. I would rather get something than nothing. Professional liberals want the fiery debate. They glory in defeat. The hardest job for a politician today is to have the courage to be moderate. It's easy to take an extreme position."

The Intellectual Community

The college professors who have been excoriated by Secretary Rusk and McGeorge Bundy for their views on Vietnam might question whether it is really so easy to take a position that the Administration considers extreme, but there is no doubt that Humphrey at least finds living in the land of the consensus easier today than he would have in 1948.

He does labor under some difficulties, however. For one thing, he is a brainy man in an Administration whose attitude toward brains is variable. Mr. Johnson admires some types of pragmatic intelligence, but his basic attitude may be discerned in a story that he tells often and with relish, about a quarterback who won a football game at the last minute by calling for play 13. Asked afterward why he called this play, he said that two members of the team, whose jersey numbers were seven and five, were playing their last game and that gave him the idea. "But seven and five are 12," he was told. "Well, now," replied the quarterback, "if I was as smart as you, we would have lost."

Mr. Johnson's alienation from the academic and intellectual communities over Vietnam and the Dominican Republic is now almost complete. This could be embarrassing for Humphrey, with his long-standing ties to the campuses.

The most intriguing questions about the Johnson-Humphrey relationship are in foreign affairs. Watching the awesome spectacle of Lyndon Johnson making foreign policy, some have wondered whether Humphrey could or would interpose objections or counsel restraint. In the Dominican crisis especially, where 30 years of US policy were thrown out the window overnight, the Vice President's knowledge of Latin America might have slowed a headlong rush.

But Humphrey's loyalty is impeccable. He has gone down the line for the Administration position on Vietnam; in a recent speech in Omaha, for instance, he criticized those who he said would like to buy peace cheaply through "appeasement or permissiveness."

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And when a student at the University of Pittsburgh asked him about "American atrocities in Vietnam," he retorted sharply that "I'm glad you asked about that, I'm really going to tear into you." Then he declared that "the Viet Cong has committed the most unbelievable acts of terrorism the world has ever known . . . but I have yet to hear any college students rise up and say, 'What is this barbarism?' "

Humphrey's record as a Senator places him unmistakably on the side of political, economic and social reform in Latin America, and against US military intervention in Latin affairs. He gives fervent support to the Alliance for Progress, he argued last June against the "pragmatic approach identified with Undersecretary of State Thomas Mann and invoked to justify intervention, and as a Senator, he recommended privately to Mr. Johnson that the US agree to discuss Panama's complaints about the canal treaty. But if he has any reservations about the US action in the Dominican Republic, he is keeping them to himself.

He has said little about the Dominican situation, except to upbraid the Organization of American States in a recent speech for "ignoring the realities of life" in the past. He urged the OAS to set up peacekeeping machinery for the Western Hemisphere, so that the US would not "have to garrison place after place" to uphold law and order and protect the lives of Americans. There was an echo of Humphrey the Senator in a television interview with Representative George Grider (D, Tenn.), but it was a faint echo. "It was very unfortunate that we had to intervene," said Humphrey. "We do not like to intervene. It's contrary to our nature." But he defended the decision.

Nevertheless, Humphrey's role in foreign affairs is not pronounced. He attends NSC meetings, is consulted by Mr. Johnson on foreign policy from time to time, and receives the same intelligence reports and cables that go to the President. But the versions prepared for the Vice President are sometimes less detailed – the Dominican reports were an example – and Humphrey is not a member of the small group that is formulating day-to-day policy in the Vietnam and Dominican crises.

Thus far, he has done no foreign traveling. There were reports that he would head the US delegation to the inauguration of Gustavo Diaz Ordaz as President of Mexico last December, but Mr. Johnson designated Senate Democratic Leader Mike Mansfield instead. The omission of Humphrey from the US delegation to the funeral of Sir Winston Churchill brought a sarcastic *mea culpa* from the President. When Shastri and Ayub Khan were abruptly asked to postpone their visits to the US, it might have been more graceful to send Humphrey to India and Pakistan, but this was never suggested, although Mr. Johnson visited both countries as Vice President.

Humphrey's friends say that he is keenly aware that the Vice President has no constitutional role in foreign affairs. They emphasize, moreover, that he considers it important that Mr. Johnson put his own stamp on the conduct of foreign policy.

This is proper Vice Presidential behavior. The practical view would note that it is prudent politics as well. By tending to his domestic knitting, Humphrey will be in the clear if there is responsibility to be assigned later for foreign policy fiascos.

Atlanta Fights Poverty

Report from Another Battle Front

by James Ridgeway

Sargent Shriver's Office of Economic Opportunity counts Atlanta among its first victories in The War. If this turns out to be the case, it will be because the hard-nosed businessmen who run the city designed a community action program to get hold of and train both white and Negro poor so they can fill jobs in a scarce labor market. They may pull it off. As of this month, about $1 million in federal funds has gone into the Atlanta-Fulton County Economic Opportunity Authority (EOA). It has 12 members, half of them appointed by Atlanta's Mayor Ivan Allen, Jr., and half by the county next door. The city and county agreed on a thirteenth member as chairman – Boisfeuillet Jones, until recently a special assistant to the Secretary of

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Health, Education and Welfare in Washington and now the president of the Woodruff Foundation, a philanthropic enterprise primed with the Coca Cola fortune. The authority hired C. O. Emmerich as executive director. Emmerich is a Southern liberal who lost his elected office in nearby DeKalb County to a Goldwater man last year.

Although about 40 percent of the city's half million people are Negro, and two-thirds of those in the poverty war's target zone are black, there are only two Negroes on the 12-man authority, both businessmen. One of them, Jesse Hill, seems to carry the trust of the more militant civil rights groups. Certainly there are no poor people on this authority. Nor is there evidence to suggest that the impoverished had much if any hand in drawing up the program. Rather it is a product of the curious coalition that runs Atlanta: white businessmen, who don't want a civil rights blow-up to mar Atlanta's image as the bustling, prosperous capital of the New South; and the Negro middle class, which five years ago was voting for Nixon, but now is supporting men like the moderate Democrat Charles Weltner in Congress. They, of course, hope for a bigger slice of the pie as the Atlanta pie gets larger.

Unemployment is 2.3 percent, half that for the country as a whole. While this figure may be misleading – the rate is more nearly five or six percent in the Negro slums – there is very little doubt that Atlanta is a tight labor market. The task is to get underemployed Negroes out of low paying jobs in restaurants, hospitals, etc., and into the skilled and better paying jobs heretofore reserved for whites. And this is precisely what the poverty program hopes to do. The mechanics of its operation are much the same as elsewhere in the country. Three neighborhood centers are open; six more should be open by the end of the summer. While each one of these will include the usual assortment of services (health, legal aid, education, consumer advice) the main emphasis lies with a job counseling staff, headed by a representative from the Georgia state employment service. The centers will have advisory committees of the poor. By and large these seem to consist of people who have shown enough interest in the program to keep attending community meetings; the advisory committees elect their own officers. Theoretically a committee can pretty much run the activities of a center; whether they actually will do so remains to be seen. The various center staffs are assisted by slum-dwellers who are hired as aides, and all told, the anti-poverty enterprise in Atlanta seems fairly free of the cloying influence of bureaucratic welfare systems that dominate in a place like Chicago.

Atlanta did a good bit of spade work in trying out neighborhood centers before the national poverty war got underway. Two years ago the Community Council of the Atlanta Area, Inc., set up a center in the western section of the city to try and help some of the poor whites who were leaving farms in rural Georgia, and streaming into Atlanta. During the first part of the century the west end of the city was a posh residential neighborhood; but many of the old families have moved to the suburbs; the large, old homes now are cut up into two or three room dumps that rent for as much as $20 a week and in which are to be found a woman with six or seven children. An urban renewal project aims to attract a better sort to this section by rehabilitating the old homes, and by bringing business into an industrial park. No low income housing is planned. When the rehabilitation is completed, rents will be just as high if not higher, but at least the apartments will be habitable.

West End Center

Community Council set up a west end neighborhood service center to get poor people into jobs. It persuaded some of the women who lived in decent homes or apartments to run day-care centers so that other women would be free of their children and could work. The center staff found it was no use sending people downtown to look for jobs, because many could not read the street signs and got lost. Instead, the Georgia state employment service agreed to experiment and sent a job counselor, Hugh Murray, to the neighborhood itself. He compiled a fairly impressive record. Of the 533 people who have come around looking for a job, more than half were women. About one-third had not completed elementary school; and three-quarters were high school drop outs. Of that total, he found jobs for 325. Another 80 were sent to job training programs. Most of the people were employed at about $1.40 an hour, Murray says. No one was sent to a job paying less than $1.25 an hour. Sixty-seven of those hired had police records.

Most of the people Murray placed were white. Finding Negroes well-paying jobs is considerably harder. More than a month ago the EOA, which took over operations of the West End Center, opened a second center in a Negro slum neighborhood. It too has a job counselor from the Georgia state employment service, and he is recruiting a staff of five or six men to develop job openings for Negroes. Of 197 interviewed for jobs since March, 41 were placed. One-third of these went to work at less than $1.25 an hour. A large number of the people had a high school education, and when I was there two young men about to graduate from college were receiving assistance in finding jobs.

While the Atlanta poverty officials feel it is unfair to draw any conclusions from these figures since they represent the very early phases of this center's opera-

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tions, they do agree that it still is immensely difficult for Negroes, even with a high school education to get jobs. If Negroes are to crack areas of employment where they have been excluded until now, there will have to be pressure at the top. Both Jones and Emmerich are fairly cheerful about the prospects here. They claim the EOA is all but deluged with requests from businesses which want it to start training programs. These programs, they said, would be open to Negroes and whites and would carry guarantees of jobs in well-paying service industries that make Atlanta their headquarters in the South.

For the hard-core poor who have trouble sticking in a job, Jones wants to set up a diagnostic center where all the city's health, welfare and employment counseling services can be brought to bear on the emotionally disturbed. He also wants to begin a rehabilitation center for alcoholics.

When Atlanta first applied to Shriver for federal poverty funds, Negroes there protested they were not sufficiently represented in the EOA; the money was held up until, as a compromise, Dr. T. C. Cothran, a Negro sociologist from Atlanta University, was made one of Emmerich's deputy directors. The other deputy is white. Cothran is supposed to be in charge of developing the actual programs, and in the process he keeps his eye out to make sure that poverty projects are directed to Negroes as well as whites.

Apparently this arrangement is not working out very well. Cothran complained to me vaguely about a "communications problem." But Jesse Hill put it more bluntly. He said Cothran is being bypassed, and serves as little more than window dressing.

One of Cothran's main worries is that the education programs are being dished out mostly to white schools. Although the Negroes account for half the high school population of the city, they are crammed into six schools. The white children have 25 schools. Cothran said that by dint of long negotiations, Project Head-Start – summer pre-kindergarten classes – had been broken out of its original white-only mold, and now would be open to both Negroes and whites. But no sooner had the Project Head-Start controversy been resolved than Cothran discovered Shriver's office was about to give $180,000 to a remedial education program primarily of benefit to white children. The money would go to six white and two Negro schools.

Although the office staff at the EOA is integrated, Cothran said none of the poverty programs in Atlanta are actually run by Negroes. He was leary of the Youth Opportunity Center, the place where youngsters are sent to be processed for the Neighborhood Youth Corps, MDTA training programs or for job counseling. It is staffed almost entirely by whites, which arouses suspicions that it may be another tool of segregation instead of serving as an instrument to end it.

Julian Bond, the Atlanta SNCC staff member who recently won a Democratic Party primary for the Georgia House of Representatives said his district in part is included in one of the poverty zones. He objected that the neighborhood center, which is supposed to be in the middle of the slum, actually is some way off (about three-quarters of a mile) in a well-to-do middle-class Negro neighborhood. Bond said the people he talks to either have never heard of the war on poverty, or if they have, are angry because they are not in it.

It certainly is disconcerting to come on a poverty center set up in a large and pleasant house in a neat middle-class Negro neighborhood and there to find representatives of the employment service counseling young men about to graduate from college. I began to wonder whether the war on poverty would become an instrument for bettering the lot of the Negro middle class. But when I brought this up with various officials of the Atlanta program, they recoiled in horror and assured me that this was not the case. The only reason the center I had visited was not located in the midst of the slum was because no suitable dwelling was available there, they claimed. And as for the college graduates, this was an unusual situation. The place usually was full of very poor people.

The concept of "community action" as it is bandied about by the Office of Economic Opportunity is a trifle muddy. In Chicago, community action evidently means little more than an extension of the existing welfare system, the very system that keeps the poor Negroes walled up in the ghettos. In Atlanta, on the other hand, it means propelling the poor into the lower middle class. The business community has agreed to make jobs available if people are recruited and trained. From my observations, Atlanta's poverty program can steer this course, not because of any misty notions of "community action," or because of any heightened sense of *noblesse oblige*, but because it is faced with a labor shortage.

COMING: *Balance sheet for the Great Society – an economic report by Leon Keyserling*

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The Teach-In on Vietnam

by Andrew Kopkind

Like many Americans, McGeorge Bundy imagines a great gulf fixed between teaching and protest. He said as much in regretting his "enforced absence" from the National Teach-In: "It may be true . . . that some of your meetings on Vietnam have failed to meet the standards appropriate to university and college discussion. It may also be true . . . that a few of those who feel strongly about the situation in Vietnam have been more interested in pressure upon the Administration than in fair discussion with its representatives."

Bundy's assumption is that passionate argument is somehow incompatible with scholarly pursuit of truth. But no one who roamed the rooms of the Sheraton Park Hotel in Washington during the 15 hours of teaching-in came away quite so convinced.

The teach-in was more a contemporary intellectual document than a useful course of instruction. Much of what was said about US policy in Vietnam was not new, and what *was* new was difficult to extract from the day's tedious and unorganized mass of material. Newsmen and nonacademicians who were there or saw the proceedings on television hardly knew what to make of it. They imagined the professors would declaim like Senators on the floor of Congress. "I liked the Easter march better," someone cracked. That kind of protest demonstration – 16,000 students walking through Washington – was aimed at a larger public. The teach-in had a different target. The thousand or so professors who participated put the force of their intellectual leadership to work on the policy-makers as the ministers in Selma directed the force of their moral leadership against the white segregationists. The professors were not campaigning for votes, or even for support that could be measured in a public opinion poll. They hoped to convince President Johnson's advisers that they had serious doubts about the wisdom of US policy, and that their questions had to be answered.

For anyone remotely aware of the moods of the academic community, the teach-in presented a fascinating tableau. First up was Hans Morgenthau, who disclosed that Bundy had "categorically vetoed" him as the chief spokesman for the anti-government case. "I should say that I am as sensitive as the next man to an insult and I am sensitive to that one too." There was a touch of irony in the Bundy-Morgenthau feud (it has apparently been going on for years); philosophically, they should be Bismarckian bedfellows. Morgenthau drew the loudest cheers when he condemned the Administration's *Realpolitik* for being in Vietnam "in order to contain Communism, not for the freedom of South Vietnam or the commitment which we have entered into." Bundy might have said the same in his own defense.

To see Isaac Deutscher was almost worth enduring the whole day's effort. He raced from the back of the huge hotel ballroom onto the stage, looking somehow like Lenin *and* Trotsky. He flailed his arms, shrugged exaggeratedly and berated the moderator with an accusing finger for no apparent reason except that he was closest to the rostrum. He was brilliant, witty, and in the opinion of some, irrelevant. But his analysis of the Vietnam problem in the complicated context of the Cold War and the longer capitalist-Communist conflict was perhaps more to the point than the narrower arguments of the Far Eastern political strategists. ("Leave it to a Polish-Jewish-Trotskyite," I. F. Stone told an obviously disapproving *Tass* reporter after Deutscher's speech, "to make the only significant contribution.")

The morning's most curious figure was Arthur Schlesinger Jr., who may or may not have been supporting the Administration. He immediately disclaimed responsibility for the government's position, and in fact proceeded to snipe at its case. He said it was "probably" a mistake for the US to have made the initial Vietnam commitment, that he had suspicions about Secretary of State Rusk's "gullibility" in accepting the arguments of the White Paper on Vietnam, and that the air strikes on North Vietnam were clearly ineffective. He could not help but praise Robert Kennedy's recent Senate speech on foreign policy and suggested that Mr. Johnson's later speech to the cartoonists' convention followed the Senator's ideas. But he recommended expanding US ground forces in Vietnam and displeased the audience with a defense of the "domino theory" ("I think you don't have to agree with Joe Alsop that dominoes have to fall all the way back to Malibu Beach, but it seems inescapable that if we were to withdraw from Vietnam a good many will fall"). His place on the fence was secure when he managed to attack policy in Latin America in the same breath as he defended enlargement of US military forces in Asia: "If we took the Marines we now have

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in the Dominican Republic and sent them to South Vietnam, we'd be a good deal better off in both countries." The audience didn't know whether to clap or boo, so it did both.

When the teach-in reconvened after lunch, half the assembled 5,000 participants had already heard the rumor that Bundy would not show. The chairman read the White House message, and there was only a small outcry. Few really believed Bundy's excuse of "other duties" (his mission to Santo Domingo had not, of course, been announced) and there was some disappointment that he did not send a replacement, but it was really what most everyone expected.

The Berkeley political scientist, Robert Scalapino, stepped into the Bundy breach: "Does the Viet Cong really command the support and allegiance of the people of South Vietnam? I think . . . the answer on balance must be no. . . . The great popular elements of South Vietnam are not a part of the Viet Cong, nor have they ever been." Scalapino thought "we should maintain two open channels, not only for the neutrals but for the Communists, one in which we urge social, economic, cultural exchange and peaceful coexistence, and . . . the other in which we say we will not surrender unconditionally."

Flawed Dominoes

Cornell Professor George McT. Kahin, a lucid and restrained scholar, spoke for the opposition: "Since the end of the last war, American officials' . . . most consistent failure has been an inability to appreciate the importance of Asian nationalism, and to work with rather than against this powerful force." He found the "domino theory" flawed: "Non-Communist governments of Southeast Asia will not automatically collapse if the Communists should come to control all of Vietnam. So long as Southeast Asian governments are in harmony with their nation's nationalism, so long as they are wise enough to meet the most pressing economic and social demands of their people, they are not likely to succumb to Communism." The objective of American policy, then, would be to support nationalist aspirations.

The panel "supporting" the two main speakers disintegrated into types: Zbigniew Brzezinski as the aristocratic anti-revolutionary: "In the nuclear age the existing status quo cannot be changed by force"; Mary Wright as the Alabama-accented pro-revolutionary: "It's almost the last moment to retreat in Vietnam and salvage something"; William Appleton Williams as the international theorist: "We have not recognized and adapted to the triumph of an outlook and a policy formulated 70 years ago"; Wesley Fishel as the voice of the obvious: "There are few blacks or whites in the Vietnamese situation. There are many shades of gray."

The evening's most engrossing panel was on "The Making of American Foreign Policy." The moderator, Arnold Kaufman of Michigan, one of the orginators of the first teach-in (on March 24 at Ann Arbor), introduced the discussion: "This is a typical teach-in in that as the evening progresses the format becomes much more disorganized, but thought becomes clearer and clearer." Walt W. Rostow talked in low, slow, avuncular tones about the Great World which somehow parallels the Great Society, and America's manifest destiny in making it come to pass. He nostalgically recalled the harmony of the world order before 1914, and wished it would return some day. His opponents – Hans Morgenthau, Stanley Hoffmann of Harvard, and Mark Raskin of the Institute for Policy Studies, mercilessly attacked his optimistic *Weltanschauung*, Hoffmann wickedly quoting from Rostow the professor to prove Rostow the bureaucrat wrong.

Toward midnight, a thousand or so stragglers met for a plenary session on the possibilities for new policies in Vietnam. Morgenthau, whose production of words during the day amounted to the better part of a doctoral thesis, thought the US should seek the unification of Vietnam "probably under Ho Chi Minh," with United Nations help and some kind of "face-saving device" to ease American withdrawal. The anti-Administration speakers agreed that the bombings of North Vietnam (which had been reported suspended by the morning papers) should not be resumed, that the Viet Cong should be invited to negotiate along with Hanoi, that an attempt should be made to "normalize" relations with China, and that a withdrawal of the heavy US military commitment should be the prime objective of American policy. The "government" supporters disagreed mostly in method. They emphasized negotiations rather than withdrawal, and they warned more pointedly of the political after-effects throughout Southeast Asia of a seeming American "defeat" in Vietnam. They thought the infiltration of the Viet Cong by North Vietnamese troops was critically important, and that Hanoi's writ in the South ran large.

More than the informational output, the simple fact that the teach-in was held proved its success. There have been bad policies by Administrations in the past two decades, but never before has the academic world responded with such a will. The teachers are beginning to rediscover their place in the society from which they have been isolated. They know that debate does not take place in a political vacuum, that its precious purpose is not to avoid commitment, but to produce it.

Excerpts from impromptu remarks by Professor Hoffmann and Mr. Rostow, during the panel discussion on US foreign policy-making, appear on the facing page.

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Two Views of America's Task Abroad

EVOLUTIONARY CONCEPT

The United States oscillates from periods in which it thinks that its task is to preserve its purity from the outside world to periods in which it thinks it has to purify the outside world altogether: from undercommitment to overcommitment. One might call it the Wilsonian syndrome. And another form of this dualism is a certain tendency to have a clear break between the realm of force, which very few of us would reject altogether, and the realm of friendship. We have a certain tendency, when faced with difficult problems, to jump on force as the cure. And on the other hand, we have a tendency to believe that our friends' assertions of total solidarity – for instance, talk about the Atlantic partnership – are really a solution for problems.

When we are faced with a difficult problem, our tendency is to cover the engineering operation, as if all that were involved were a choice of means rather than a definition of ends. We cover these operations with a reference to principles which are extremely noble, extremely generous, and very often quite irrelevant. Have we asked ourselves whether these principles we have brought with us from the thirties are really applicable to the situation in Southeast Asia, or are they misplaced historical analogies? Is Vietnam the same thing as Korea? As what President Truman faced in 1947-48? As Munich? To have only the principles and only the engineering operations leaves us in trouble whenever we have to define a middle range of policy, between the crisis of the moment and the ideal world of a very distant future. . . . The US tends to believe it is entrusted with a universal mission. It asks our allies to share our burdens. It does not really ask our allies to share in the definition of the burdens.

Our approach to time is too much an engineer's approach. We are frantic each time a Russian appears in Guinea or a Chinese in Brazzaville. We see the future as the building of a house; we do not have a sufficiently evolutionary concept of international relations.

Finally, are we willing to believe that in this stage of international affairs force can be weeded out of politics? Are we really so convinced that revolutions are nothing but things exported aggressively from Moscow or Peking, and that we are going to see in every revolution in which a few Communists, or even many Communists appear, something which requires our intervention? Will we declare that we have to prevent not only classical war and nuclear war, but revolutions altogether? STANLEY HOFFMANN

PROFESSOR HOFFMANN *is in the Government Department at Harvard, and an Associate of the Center for International Affairs. He has written on French policy and international relations.*

THREE-PART STRATEGY

Our task is building a world community of peace to supplant the world that was destroyed in 1914, and has never been replaced. Our job is to build a peaceful world community in the spirit of the charter of the United Nations. Our strategy falls into three parts.

The first is to build in the Northern, more industrialized part of the world, relations of partnership to supplant the immediate postwar dependence of Western Europe and Japan upon us. To the South, we face this mammoth fact, which is that the peoples of Asia, the Middle East, Africa and Latin America are going through a revolution of nationalism and modernization. There is no technical problem, no political attitude, no problem of the restructuring of social and political institutions that we should see there now that we didn't see in the Northern part of the world in the 19th Century. Our job is to help these people maintain their independence in this period of great vulnerability in intrusion from outside. We should help them build modern societies not in our image but in theirs, modern societies true to their cultures, their traditions and histories and their ambitions.

We also have our relationship with the Communist regimes and the peoples under them. There, our first job is to frustrate aggression, but our policy toward the Communist nations and regimes goes beyond that. We look eagerly for any chance of an overlapping of common interests that would draw them into the world community. It is a faith that if we maintain the integrity of the free world, making it an attractive and viable place, that they will come in time to the view that the best option open, the only realistic and attractive option open, is to join in making this an effective world community; and technically, they will come to settlements on the two major issues of the Cold War, aside from subversion and guerrilla warfare – that is, a German settlement and arms control with international inspection.

We've worked for a generation now toward something like these concepts. There are many constructive monuments along the way. Most of them are incomplete monuments. The Marshall Plan is, of course, complete, and it did its job; but European unity, the building of the Atlantic partnership, the building of new monetary arrangements and trade relations, new aid relations, and working with the Southern part of the world are incomplete jobs. We have an Alliance for Progress which is moving forward, facing its difficulties with honesty, but moving. Beneath the surface of crises, the forces exist. W. W. ROSTOW

MR. ROSTOW *is State Department Counselor and Chairman of the Policy Planning Council. He was a Professor of Economic History at Massachusetts Institute of Technology and has written on Communist affairs.*

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My Friends in Mississippi

by Luke Kabat

Meridian is the second biggest city in Mississippi, 50,000 people. There are 20,000 Negroes and unlike those in rural Mississippi, they live close enough together to constitute a political threat to the whites. They are a physical threat too: they are armed. The whites have, therefore, made certain compromises that give the illusion that Meridian is a "liberal" town. The bus has been "desegregated" for two years, but Negroes still go to the back. There are five Negroes on the police force, but their only real benefit is that they treat Negroes more fairly than do the white policemen. Meridian boasts of Harris Junior College, the first junior college in Mississippi. It has a pretty red-brick building, but no chemicals in the chemistry lab. At one time, Meridian had a biracial committee, but it had no power and no longer exists.

Most of the Negro students in Meridian go to Harris High School. The Negro principal was picked by a white board of education and has been in office about 30 years. He supported Goldwater for President and several students who wore LBJ buttons were suspended from school. Prospective teachers are asked for their opinions of white people and are required to keep out of civil rights activities. Teaching standards are very low. Some teachers use corporal punishment and students who support the Movement are threatened with expulsion. The parents requested a PTA, but the principal didn't want "people who don't know the situation to dictate what goes on." The students staged a "silent protest" and received "F" in their courses.

I went to Meridian last summer, between my third and fourth years at medical school to help set up a Freedom School in the Baptist Seminary – a brown-brick building on a hill. The students were told that if they attended Freedom School, they would not graduate from Harris High School. Nevertheless, about 150 came. We taught Negro history, and biology, chemistry, algebra, English, art, dance and freedom. We had literacy and public health classes for adults. Phil, a concert pianist from New York City, exposed the students to African art and sculpture and discussed the complex institutions in Africa at the time of the slave trade. We explained that there has been a cultural exchange and that Negroes have made important contributions to American life. We talked about the Freedom Movement which began when slaves committed suicide by jumping off the ships. We taught French, which seems frivolous since many of the students will never go to France. But the fact of preparing themselves opens up the possibility. The students learned of a land far away from Mississippi where people have different customs, and they learned that most people in this world are not white Anglo-Saxon Protestant Mississippians. The world is multicolored and its variety makes it interesting. And it was nice to learn French simply because it was fun. The kids sang *"Liberté" (Tout le monde veut liberté)*; they called me *cochon* and other mean names.

I taught the biology class. We dissected a dead field mouse and the heart and the brain of a cow. I asked them questions: Why do we breathe? What is heart failure? I presented imaginary patients and explained why they had their symptoms and I showed them what a doctor is looking for when he percusses a chest or listens to the heart or tests a reflex. I showed them skin under a microscope and they saw that color is less than skin-deep. I emphasized our biological closeness to other animals as well as to the family of man.

In my Freedom class, I pointed to two Negro children who were buddies sitting together hand in hand. "If you were a white boy, you couldn't sit with your friend. You would probably never have a chance to know him and this would be very sad for you, wouldn't it?" The boys both nodded their heads and I'm sure they understood. We read Martin Luther King's speech, "I have a dream . . ." and we talked about our own dreams. Willie Clark dreamed that "someday people will be as lovely as the world." Artie dreamed that "one day I can walk down the street knowing that I can stop in any place if I get hungry." Deloris dreamed about "joining the Air Force and going to Paris, France, and getting married, and sending for my mother and brother and father." Barbara Chaney, sister of the murdered civil rights worker James Chaney, dreamed "that Sheriff Rainey was electrocuted." Judy, a white Freedom School teacher, told her story of the Freedom Rides and five weeks in Parchman prison. In her cramped cell, she dreamed she was dancing. We read Thoreau's essay "On Civil Disobedience" and learned that thoughts can burst free of prison walls. And later we went to jail and understood what he meant.

We held workshops in nonviolence and we role-played the various situations we might expect. "White

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civil rights workers go in first as observers. Then the Negroes come in and order the same thing. If you are told to leave ask, why? and what is your name? and do you know that the civil rights bill has passed? Then leave and fill out an affidavit so that the lawyers can bring suit against the violators. Pick a spokesman for the group. Empty your pockets of sharp instruments or they will charge you with carrying a concealed weapon. Don't order soup or hot coffee as you may get it in the face. Ask for the menu or they may charge you a higher price than listed. Don't talk back or you will be charged with disorderly conduct. Above all – be nonviolent. If someone hits you, do you know how to fall? Cover your head and curl up."

So we went testing. Sometimes we were served grudgingly, and the waitress would slam the food on the counter, sometimes maliciously and there was hot pepper on the hamburger, sometimes kindly and there was "come back again." But usually, we were turned away and spat upon and pushed, and at the Toddle House there was an ugly mob and eight of our children were arrested for "disorderly conduct." My friend Freeman and I were arrested for "contributing to the delinquency of minors." We went to jail and spent four days in a cell with white segregationists. We managed to make friends with the prisoners. When we got out of jail we went testing again and soon our lawyers will bring suit against the Royal Theater and most of the restaurants in Meridian.

The Freedom Democratic Party was established because Negroes are excluded from the regular Democratic Party in Mississippi. Negroes make up over 40 percent of the population and only six percent of them are registered. This is because state laws set no clear standards for registration. All registrars are white. One Negro man was asked, "How many bubbles in a bar of soap?" Herbert Lee, of Liberty, Mississippi, participated in a voter registration drive and he was shot to death in 1961. The *Meridian Star* publishes the names of all individuals who attempt to register and many Negroes have lost their jobs as a result. Segregation is a central principle of the platform of the Mississippi State Democratic Party and Negroes can have no part in that party. Registered Negroes were excluded from precinct meetings of the regular party. This happened to Reverend Turnipseed in Meridian. At the state convention, there was not one Negro delegate to represent over 450,000 Negroes.

I was fortunate to have seen democracy in action at the precinct, county and district meetings of the Freedom Democratic Party. Over 60,000 Negroes filled out registration forms and this was remarkable when you consider how much they were harassed. Many people do not understand that this is a *real* party. It follows exactly the standard procedures of other state Democratic Parties. It was exciting for me to see old men and women, deprived of their rights for a lifetime, participating in the democratic process. They elected delegates who went to Atlantic City. I was at that Democratic Party convention as a lobbyist and I spoke to the Rhode Island delegation about the situation in Mississippi. The delegates were more interested in the boardwalk and when they did discuss the matter, they were concerned only with strategy.

I talked to them about some of my friends in Mississippi. Lilly is the daughter of a white Meridian policeman and a Negro woman. The father enforces the system against his own daughter. Lilly had a baby when she was 12 years old. She went to jail for her civil rights activities and in jail she wrote a song entitled "Song of a Freedom Bird." Lilly is 16 now.

Richard, Lance, Ed . . .

There is Runaway Richard, sometimes called Thumbsucking Richard because he still sucks his thumb at 13. He is one of a family of 15 kids and he sleeps in a bed with three other children. His father deserted the family and his mother is often out with different men. Richard is desperate for love and attention. He is mean as all hell. Like many others, he has found a home in the Movement.

I talked to the delegates about the kids. Lance is seven years old and he goes by the name of Fifth Street Red because he hangs out on Fifth Street. He is a tiny thing, scrappy as can be, and he always seems to get most of the food. If you were to throw him out in the world, at the age of seven, Lance would survive.

There is a little boy named Ed. His mother is worried about him. She thinks he's a disturbed kid because he is only interested in atoms. I talked to him about fission and fusion reactions and he gently corrected me when I made an error. How many children like Ed will never go to college? The thought of him working as a janitor for white men makes me sick at heart.

Eddie Miles is another friend of mine. He has never seen a Puerto Rican, but he wants to marry one, because "you hear of white women getting divorces and you hear of Negro women getting divorces, but did you ever hear of a Puerto Rican getting a divorce?"

There is Bettie Manual who shocked her friends by shaving her head. She explained why: "The reason for deciding to wear my hair natural was that I feel that straightening of hair is a sign of the Negro being ashamed of being a Negro and wants to be more like the white man. It shows that the Negro think the white man's standard of beauty is the only way to judge

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beauty. I want to show people that I am not ashamed of my hair texture."

The system seems to make or break people. Many live in fear and have lost their gaiety, but there are some with the courage to challenge the system and these are truly magnificent. Sometimes, in Mississippi, I would think of the lonely people in Northern cities – the people with radios, the people in hotels and on park benches, the spinsters and wallflowers and the ugly and frustrated – and I felt that because of the Movement life was probably happier and certainly more meaningful for many Mississippi Negroes.

Brutality and Justice

Let me say a few words about Mississippi brutality and Mississippi justice. Freeman was walking some kids home from the park when a man in a car threatened to run him down. He gently bumped into Freeman and Freeman was arrested for obstructing traffic. "Free" was carrying a common table knife which he had used to cut watermelon and he was charged with carrying a concealed weapon. The *Meridian Star* described him as a COFO worker with a long knife.

One afternoon, someone shot through our bedroom window and shells splattered against the wall. Freeman was in bed; his face was cut by broken glass.

The murders of Chaney, Schwerner and Goodman shook the town of Meridian. Mrs. Chaney knew for weeks that her son was dead. "He would come to me if he were alive," she said. But still we hoped that it was a disappearance and we were shocked when the bodies were found. Polly H told me with tears in her eyes that she couldn't sleep that night they found the bodies. She described Mickey Schwerner as a bear because he was big and good natured with a tummy that hung out a little bit. I never knew Mickey, but working in the Community Center that he established and talking with the kids who loved him has made him an important person in my life. He played Frankenstein and didn't really scare Fifth Street Red. He liked to take the kids on drives in the country. Lilly closed her eyes when she told me about those trips and you could see a carful of kids driven by a loveable bear bouncing along a country road – this scene beneath her eyelids.

We had a great march through the streets of Meridian to the funeral of James Chaney. It was particularly moving to see many old women helping each other along, tottering down Freedom's Road. White people came out of their houses as we walked past and I felt that some of them would have joined us were they not afraid of their neighbors. Dave Dennis of CORE gave the most impassioned speech I have ever heard. He cried with racking, convulsive sobs, "I'm tired of going to funerals – too many of our people killed – and you ought to be tired too. To those who can sit back and won't carry on their fight – Goddamn your souls!"

A week later, there was a memorial service for the three boys. It was held at the ashes of the Mount Zion church near Philadelphia, Mississippi. Mrs. Chaney said, "You all don't know. You all got parents and they got lots of children that's gone. But none of them went like mine. It's hard. But every time there's something about freedom, I go. I got to go. When the children come home this evening my head was hurtin'. They say, 'Mama, you goin'?' I say, 'Yea, I'm goin'.' And I'm sure 'nough goin' even if nobody else don't go, I'm goin'. And here I am." I wish the three boys could return to life. Their story would make the world tremble.

I was in jail for testing the Civil Rights Act when 21 men were arrested in connection with the murders of Chaney, Schwerner and Goodman. Fortunately, we didn't share the same cell. On the night before the preliminary hearing, we had a silent prayer for justice at Mt. Olive Baptist Church. I hate capital punishment but I think I wanted these men to die. The Freedom School kids were more – or maybe less – merciful. They said, "Give them life in prison and let them suffer with their guilt. Feed them almost nothing. Make them do hard labor." Dave Dennis reminded us that two bodies of Negro students from Alcorn were found in the Mississippi River and no one seemed very concerned.

I went to the courthouse for the preliminary hearing. Maybe I'm biased, but I looked hard at each face for a sign of guilt or a trace of humanity. But the faces were dumb and they were smiling – cocky, painful smiles. A tall, thin, elegant fellow named Rask came to the witness stand. He was an FBI agent and he had obtained a confession. The defense attorneys started screaming about hearsay evidence and wanted to see the confession. The US attorney referred to a Supreme Court ruling that hearsay evidence is legitimate in a preliminary hearing and he refused to show the confession.

There was a recess for lunch and when we returned, only segregationists ("friends and relatives of the defendants") were admitted to the courtroom. Even Mrs. Chaney was barred from the hearing. After 15 minutes, a newspaperman came out and announced, "It's all over. They've been released." Mrs. H began to cry. And Mrs. Chaney cried, but quietly so nobody could see. TV cameras focused on the Chaneys. Flashbulbs were popping and we walked through a crowd of happy segregationists and back to the COFO office singing "Oh, Freedom."

In Meridian, we are conducting a Freedom School, testing the civil rights bill, working to establish a maids' union, distributing clothing to poor people and registering Negro voters. The entire staff was arrested not long ago for participating in a demonstration and all the men were beaten in jail.

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Mrs. Wharton and Mr. James

by Joseph L. Featherstone

The first half of Mrs. Bell's absorbing book is a wise and careful exploration of the friendship between Edith Wharton and Henry James. The second half presents a critical discussion of Edith Wharton's work: the argument runs that James, although a good friend, did not have much influence on her as a writer. It is a sensible point, and worth

Edith Wharton and Henry James: The Story of Their Friendship
by Millicent Bell,
(Braziller; $6.50)

making, since a mistaken notion persists in many people's minds that Edith Wharton was a kind of *Ladies Home Journal* version of James.

James and Mrs. Wharton were both artists, of course, and it is hard to look back now on the record they left of their relations and tell precisely where art left off and life began. Often they seemed to be playing parts as characters in a highly finished piece of social comedy, staged by James. They relished their roles and heightened all the effects to exaggeration. James was usually hesitant and involuted: he became a self-parody when he was around Edith Wharton very long. She was always headstrong and reckless, but she put an extra dash into all her performances with James. Each played to the other ironic burlesque commentaries on the splendid joke that he was a man and she a woman.

Each could have put the other in a novel. James might almost have been an Edith Wharton hero – out of the New York she grew up in, felt smothered by, escaped, and came in her exiled old age to love with all the hungry force of nostalgia. In the brownstone houses of New York there languished dozens of exquisite sensibilities, men who at first sight looked just like James. It was Edith Wharton's favorite type: the man of breeding and intelligence who stood above the scramble of the Gilded Age. She knew many such men – all of them bachelors like James – and drew them in her books. There was something damaged about the type, however. Like James, these people observed life from a distance as it passed them by; but unlike him, they hoarded their considerable talents without ever finding anything to spend them on. None was as gifted or as tough as James. None of her friends had his driving will to consecrate himself to an artistic vision. The men of her own class were always failing Edith Wharton, and much as she admired their refinement, she never forgave them their weakness: they were like Lawrence Selden, who in her great satire *The House of Mirth* lets the heroine drown. They thought and they talked too much; they were incapable of acting.

Edith Wharton might have made a classic James heroine. She was handsome, rich and intelligent – although her mind had a ruthless cutting edge that James' heroines lacked. And she desperately wanted her happiness. She wanted, in her innocence and her egotism, to be free. James, who really liked her very much, interpreted her vitality as pride, and it is true enough, as Mrs. Bell shows, that in freeing herself she made some blind, fatal mistake. But she was magnificent, and James, the ironic old bachelor, knew it. She was not a dove like his great character, Milly Theale, she was a "golden eagle," awesome and a little frightening.

They were both products of old New York: as a boy he lived on Washington Square, a mile away from the house on Twenty-third Street where she was raised twenty years later. Edith Wharton was committed to New York society. She accepted its necessities and bowed to its standards, even when she was later forced to break them. James grew up in the same setting, but lived in a different universe. His Transcendentalist father treated the children to a hare-brained education; the family hovered at a comfortable remove from society and its conventions, like a pack of gypsies with excellent connections. James never really belonged to any society.

Her New York was the graceful and leisurely world of the seventies and eighties sketched in her autobiography and in the more faded colors of George Templeton Strong's diaries. It was not a bad world, but nerveless and tired, living off its rents; and hostile to anything creative. Thackeray and Emerson were familiar figures at the Jameses, but Edith Wharton waited to meet a real artist until long after she married. Her New York dreaded scandal more than disease – Charles Eliot Norton, in Boston, who certainly deserves a better memory, spoke for the milieu when he warned her (about *The House of Mirth*) that no great work of art could be based on illicit passion. (This, as she noted, from the man who translated Dante.) After World War I, when it had gone forever, and she was banking the fires of her revolt, the lost world began to seem charming, "an old vintage too rare to be savored by a youthful palate." When she was young, it nearly suffocated her. She married into great wealth, to a husband who had nothing in common with her except a delight in travel. His character remains a puzzle, despite Mrs. Bell's best efforts: little is revealed through all the Victorian whispering and letters to friends, except that he was the handsomest man in his class at Harvard, he bored his wife, and he suffered from progressive illness. A time came when his voice sounded to her like a key turn-

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ing in a lock, but by then she had already found a way out: her art. She started writing after what seems to have been a nervous breakdown.

This was a major difference between her and James: art served a different function in their lives. Art and culture – she always talked about them as though they were in capital letters – were never aspects of life for her: they were ideals that offered a standing rebuke to life. Her own houses were always overdone; she put too much furniture in them and it was too precisely ordered. She meant to fill her gardens and her salons with brilliant, sensitive friends: yet there was something frenzied about her planning, and the thing never quite came off. Her writing was something she leaned on and needed, one weapon in her private war against panic and emptiness. It was not a total, religious vocation like James'. He sacrificed himself to his books; the most social being in the world deliberately cut himself off from his country, and as far as he was successful, his life did disappear into his art. But he at least possessed life before he gave it away. He had lived and she never had. Her works were at the margins of the hungry pursuit that mattered most to her. Art could only be a means to an end: the end was her dream of liberation and self-fulfillment.

She wrote because she was stifled, and in the twenties, when she settled into a comfortable exile as a grand lady, the self-appointed representative of what she came to see as an older and a better America, her writing suffered. She never again matched the bitter splendor of *The House of Mirth* (1905), her half-melodrama, half-satire of a frivolous society that carelessly destroys a lovely woman because she has no money; or the less bitter, but no less exact social portraiture of *The Age of Innocence* (1920), which, with all its blurred nostalgia for old New York, is still a story of love wrecked by social convention, and people stunted by the circumstances of their lives. In those two novels and in her three great short novels, *Ethan Frome* (1911), *The Bunner Sisters* (1916), and *Summer* (1916), she described a bleak and desperate world where there was no grace. Time and the specificity of social facts haunted her. The vision had some of Dreiser's Darwinian fatalism; she, too, saw ruthless forces tearing most of the good things in life to pieces. She told versions of the same story over and over again. It became, even in her hack-writing for the women's magazines in the twenties, her signature, the mark of her special pathos, and it added to a legend that fed the imagination of a new generation of writers: in America the social environment was always crushing the people with passion and imagination.

But the private tragedies were set in scenes of social comedy. Increasingly in the eighties, the new postwar wealth, the lords of Pittsburgh, stormed the houses of old New York's aristocracy. The archetype of the era, as William Dean Howells said, was the man who had risen: and the new, vulgar, risen men moved into the brownstones and began to summer in Newport, too, along with people like the Whartons. Edith Wharton did not approve. But in her best writing she was careful not to try to turn what had happened to her old New York into a tragedy. She was too intelligent not to see the comic truth: an aristocracy that was itself middle class to the core was surrendering to new wealth. In the end money talked in America, and even old New York listened politely to what it had to say.

James never shared her historical and social bent. He was interested in a moral criticism of experience, and only fitfully concerned himself with the social web. He relied on social facts like wealth, yet the characters in his best books seem stripped of their social bearings. Edith Wharton's rich live on specific incomes in carefully inventoried surroundings that often seem realer than her characters. As with Dickens, material things actually play roles in the melodrama, sinister actors who raise their voices in the chorus of necessity. James tells us only the mythical consequences of being rich; his rich are like the princesses in fairy tales. In his more abstract vision, there was so much more hope: he created shining moral allegories where innocence and the pure intelligence confronted and even grew wise from corruption and necessity.

In 1907, after her husband's nervous collapse, she separated from him; she was 45, and the following year she had an affair with Walter Berry, an international lawyer and a friend of James. Mrs. Bell tells the story with great insight, and she points to James' curious involvement in the whole affair. There is a caricature of James by Max Beerbohm that shows a gentleman with a large behind peering through a keyhole into somebody else's bedroom. It is accurate as far as it goes: after he had cut himself off from the world, James did seek to live through his friends' emotions. This was like his artist's fascination with the story of how a story came about: he felt intensely the passion of seeing another person's passion. He bore witness to Edith Wharton's troubles. Mrs. Bell's account also establishes, if it needed establishing, the greatness of James' heart, his sympathy and his kindness. James the bachelor, the weekend guest, and the hermit, could be a very good

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friend. The affair ended inconclusively. She was divorced in 1913, but Walter Berry did not marry her. Another of those men had failed her, and her happiness had eluded her once again.

James comes through more vividly in most of these vignettes. Partly this is because Edith Wharton has left fewer records of her feelings, partly because James, after all, was James. It is neither Mrs. Bell's fault nor Edith Wharton's that he steals so many scenes. All the odd facets of his character make such good theater: his immense child's pleasure in being driven around the countryside in Mrs. Wharton's touring car; or the slow flow and stammer of his talk – as difficult to follow as his writing in wretched books like *The Sacred Fount*, or his letters, which when quoted at length by Mrs. Bell leave you gasping for air – which was still brilliant talk, stuffed with parentheses and little asides full of his irony, his light malice, and his genius.

Mrs. Bell does very well on the whole question of literary influence. It seemed natural for the first critics to link James with Edith Wharton, but they were always poles apart, even in their conception of what the novel was: he always pursued "the coercive charm of form," and submitted himself to a radical discipline about points of view, where she wrote less formal "chronicle-novels," narrated by an old-fashioned omniscient author. James loved to spin great webs of speculative discourse; she was always clear and matter-of-fact. There is the greatest difference in the world between his elaborate word-tapestries and her smooth, metallic style. They used the same themes very often, but Mrs. Bell proves that they used them in unique ways. Neither, of course, ever appreciated the other's work. James approved of her dull novel *The Reef* (1912), which was the only one to show his influence. For the most part she was unable to read his later novels; they were "cut off from that thick nourishing human air in which we all live and move."

On the whole, Mrs. Bell's judgment is very good, although she is apt to overrate later satiric novels like *The Children* (1928) and *Hudson River Bracketed* (1929) which do not, I think,

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demonstrate "the full maturity of her powers as a social satirist." In these books, Edith Wharton spent too much time nagging her characters for being vulgar: she tried to work a vein of broad social satire, but she made the mistake of writing about a Midwest she never knew. It became for her a kind of ludicrous symbolic landscape of the future – the way some people now feel about California – full of all she hated about postwar America: drab church socials, drummers, and shady real estate operators. She inspired Sinclair Lewis, who dedicated *Babbitt* to her, and then later she seemed to be copying from him. They both had a gift for coining marvelous American names – compare her Claude Walsingham Popple to his George Follansbee Babbitt, or her unpleasant females, Vergil Gunch and Undine Spragg. But she never really grasped her "Apex City" or her "Euphoria, Mo." the way Lewis knew Zenith. Their own experiences were much wider than the America they wrote about, but his Midwestern stereotypes were truer. Like Lewis, Edith Wharton was most successful when she was writing the history of the class of people she belonged to.

An Official Turns State's Evidence

by I. F. Stone

The most important battle in South Vietnam was the fight to let the American people know what was going on. Two reporters who shared Pulitzer Prizes for their part in it, David Halberstam of *The New York Times* and Malcolm W. Browne of the Associated Press, have recently published their accounts of this battle between bureaucracy and press.

Mission in Torment
by John Mecklin
(Doubleday; $4.95)

Now, in "Mission in Torment," we have the story as seen from the other side. John Mecklin, a *Time* staff man, took leave of absence to serve as Public Affairs Officer of the US Embassy in Saigon from May, 1962, to January, 1964. The story he has to tell is not peculiar to Saigon. The same struggle goes on in Washington. Covering the Pentagon, the State Department and the White House is a continual rassle between reporters trying to get the news and press officers putting out the government's "party line." If the latter had their way we would all sound like American equivalents of *Pravda* and *Izvestia;* too many do. "In Saigon in 1963," Mecklin writes, "the newsmen were regarded as enemies not only by local authorities but also by the American Mission." In this, Washington often seems to differ only in degree from Saigon.

Mecklin charges that the newsmen were rude, self-righteous and humorless, but he substantially confirms their indictment. Where Halberstam and Browne complain of a constant effort to mislead the press, Mecklin pleads in extenuation that the higher-ups believed their own falsehoods. "The root of the problem," he says, "was the fact that much of what the newsmen took to be lies was exactly what the Mission genuinely believed, and was reporting to Washington. Events were to prove that the Mission itself was unaware of how badly the war was going, operating in a world of illusion. Our feud with the newsmen was an angry symptom of bureaucratic sickness." The defense is more damning than the newsmen's accusations. All governments lie, but disaster lies in wait for countries whose officials smoke the same hashish they give out.

Mecklin lets us see that even this was not the whole story. There were falsehoods the officials believed and false-

NEXT WEEK

Richard Dudman reviews
The New Face of War
by Malcolm W. Browne

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hoods they told deliberately. "To the best of my knowledge," Mecklin writes, "no responsible US official in Saigon ever told a newsman a really big falsehood. Instead there were endless little ones." When the newsmen didn't fall for them, Washington complained. "There was a patronizing holier-than-thou tone in the official attitude toward the press," Mecklin relates. "We repeatedly received cables from Washington using expressions like 'tell the correspondents' to do so and so or 'explain how they were wrong' to write such and such. This was like trying to tell a New York taxi driver how to shift gears." This also goes on in Washington where Johnson sometimes seems to think the Constitution made him not only commander-in-chief of the nation's armed forces but editor-in-chief of its newspapers.

In one of his last dispatches as a *Time* correspondent in Saigon in 1955 after Diem had been in office nine months, Mecklin quoted an unnamed "prominent American journalist" as saying after his first interview with Diem, "Sort of a screwball, isn't he? His eyes don't even focus." By the time Mecklin got back to Saigon seven years later, US information policy was designed to make sure that nobody else's eyes focussed properly on Vietnam either. Mecklin's book reveals that the notorious State Department Cable No. 1006 of February 21, 1962, which the Moss subcommittee of the House on government information policies later exposed, was regarded within the bureaucracy as liberalizing press relations! This basic directive was drafted jointly by Arthur Sylvester at Defense and Robert Manning at State; it reflects the animosity to a free press characteristic of both departments. "It was 'liberal'," Mecklin comments wryly, "in the sense that it recognized the right of American newsmen to cover the war in Vietnam, but it was otherwise little more than codification of the errors the Mission was already committing." Conveniently, the text was classified but the Moss subcommittee was allowed to reveal that newsmen were to be advised against "trifling criticism of the Diem government" and not to be taken along on military activities likely to result in "undesirable stories."

This is not ancient history. The old habits march on. *Mis*information is still the hallmark of the government's information policy. Two examples may be cited, one minor, one major. The minor one concerns the replacement of General Harkins by his deputy, General Westmoreland. Every few months, it would seem, Harkins would issue a statement saying that victory "is just months away" – this was his prediction, Mecklin recalls, the very day Diem was overthrown. His deputy and successor seems to be the same type. But when Westmoreland stepped into his old commander's shoes, the tired Army mimeograph machines ground out the same old tripe. "Like Harkins two years earlier," Mecklin notes, "Westmoreland's press notices described him as a 'no-nonsense' officer."

A major example concerns the State Department's recent White Paper. The Mecklin book, like Browne's, rebuts its central thesis. "Like everything else in Vietnam," Mecklin writes, "statistics on infiltrated materiel and personnel from the North were highly debatable. There was no question that significant Chinese and North Vietnamese supplies had been smuggled. . . . But the vast bulk of Viet Cong weapons and equipment were American." Mecklin also has "no doubt that several thousand Viet Cong officers and other trained personnel had infiltrated from the North" but he adds that "the overwhelming majority of their forces were recruited locally." The White Paper was intended to prepare public opinion for the bombing of the North. Mecklin says that by destruction of factories and training camps in the North "the Viet Cong would be weakened, but probably not much more than the efficiency of the Pentagon would be reduced if the air conditioning were shut off." For Mecklin the talk of bombing supply routes "made even less sense" because most of the smuggled supplies were moved on foot or in sampan. In a graphic simile Mecklin writes, "As the French discovered so disastrously at Dienbienphu, air attack on coolie jungle supply routes is like trying to shoot a mouse hiding in a wheatfield from an airplane with a rifle."

Two hitherto undisclosed scenes stand out in the Mecklin book. One was an interview with Kennedy on April 29, 1963, when the President asked him, "Why are we having so much trouble with the reporters out there?" Mecklin thought there would be less trouble if officials were more candid. He wanted Kennedy to put a stop to "excessively optimistic public statements" in Washington and Saigon and the habit of "complaining" to editors and publishers "about unfavorable stories" from reporters in the field. Mecklin says he found Kennedy "skeptical but willing to try."

One wonders whether Mecklin was not naïve. We know from Halberstam's book that Kennedy himself tried to persuade the publisher of *The New York Times* to transfer him out of Saigon. Six months later Kennedy was to issue the biggest optimistic whopperoo of the war – the McNamara-Taylor statement at the White House October 2, 1963, that all was going so well in Vietnam we could withdraw 1,000 men by the end of the year and com-

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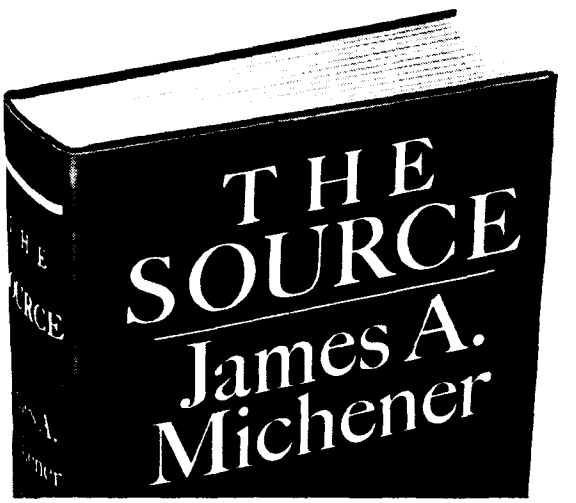

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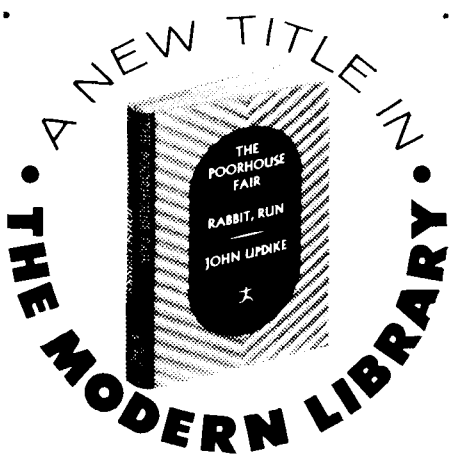
plete "the major part of the US military task" by the end of 1965! The desire to primp up the face of truth was not confined to the lower echelons. Mecklin forgets to mention that speech by Carl Rowan, now again in charge of Vietnamese "information," about the public's "right *not* to know" which the Moss subcommittee protested. Nor the way this echoed Kennedy's speech to the publishers after the Bay of Pigs on the need for greater "restraint" in covering undeclared wars.

Another White House scene on which Mecklin lifts the curtain for the first time was a special meeting of the National Security Council on September 10, 1963, when the Buddhist crisis was about to bring down Diem. The Bay of Pigs made Kennedy aware of how wrong the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the CIA could be. Had he lived longer, he might soon have come to feel the same way about their advice on Vietnam. Mecklin was invited to be present to hear a report from a special two-man mission Kennedy had hurriedly sent out to Saigon for a fresh look at the state of the war and of popular support for Diem. The mission was composed, Mecklin relates, of a Pentagon General and a senior Foreign Service officer, "both relatively unknown, though experienced Vietnam hands." Each reported separately. Their reports turned out to be so different that when they finished, President Kennedy asked, with that dry wit which made him so winning, "Were you two gentlemen in the same country?"

Mecklin writes that security regulations prohibit him from reporting anything further about the meeting. He does say that while every other agency thought the time had come to reform, or get rid of, the Diem regime, "the Pentagon, unpersuaded that the war had been affected by the Buddhist upheaval, continued to agitate for no real action at all," while the CIA "was more or less of the same opinion." This should be read with Halberstam's and Browne's accounts of how stubbornly deaf General Harkins and the top CIA man in Saigon, Richardson, remained until the very end when their junior officers in the field tried to tell them what was going on. The lack of congressional or popular control over these huge military and intelligence bureaucracies allows them to go on being wrong with impunity. Each "mistake" leads on to a bigger one.

Yet Mecklin would drag us further into the Asian morass. He advocates the use of combat troops to take over the war in South Vietnam, he believes the national interest requires it and he thinks the war can be won in no other way, though it may take many years and many men. At one point he talks of the need for an army of 1,000,000 men. I wonder how he reconciles this with his observation that we have been losing because we have not won the peasant over to our side. The peasant, Mecklin says, in the most perceptive passage in his book, is aware "if only intuitively" that the US is in Vietnam for "global strategic considerations, not because of sympathy for the Vietnamese people." To step up the bombings North and South as we have been doing, and to follow this with combat troops as we have begun to do, means to burn up much of Vietnam for those global strategic considerations. This is unlikely to endear us to the least intuitive peasant in Vietnam or anywhere else.



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Wilson's Canadian Junket

by Quentin Anderson

Edmund Wilson would come close to the top of any sensible list of national resources. The government has recognized this by giving him a medal, much to the dismay of the sort of Republican who deals in such resources as Comsat, copper and Birch. What Wilson has done with the country is just to live in it, live in it long enough, hard enough and variously enough to become an elder who counts. He has also become cranky. Rereading some of his earlier work along with *O Canada* (the title is that of the song usually employed as a national anthem), I came to the conclusion that we have no real ground for attacking him because his recent books have been fueled by obsession. It is of course clear that Canadians, like the Iroquois who fought the loss of a part of their reservation, or the people who carry on a contention with the Bureau of Internal Revenue, attract Wilson because they are not (as a Canadian remarked to Wilson) "melted." Canada is divided. There are the French and the British, the Presbyterians, the French Catholics and the other Catholics, distinct ethnic groups aside from those named, regions of differing convictions and interests, and so forth. Wilson rejoices that these groups have no impulse to contrive a swarmy or merely apparent resolution of their differences as Americans do. They even refuse, he says, to get out of each other's way, and consequently make bad drivers.

O Canada
by Edmund Wilson
(Farrar, Straus and Giroux; $4.95)

If the wish to offer up our neighbors as a contrast to "our panicky state of mind in the States," and our sheeplike march toward apocalypse, lies behind the book, it doesn't characterize its segments. When Wilson is faced by something of literary substance he seems as good as ever. His treatment of Morley Callaghan in *O Canada* is amazingly

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close to the jaunty sureness of the young *New Republic* editor almost four decades back. The language is so much more alive to him than it is to most of its users that his ear functions continuously. (In the study of Callaghan it turns out that one of the novels is very good throughout except for a sentence in which the tone slips on page 208!) It is true that most of the other writers discussed seem dull, even though Wilson exhibits their best points with his wonderfully easy expository deftness. I was more taken by the little nuggets of fact, and occasional quirky turns. How many inhabitants of this country are aware that the only constitution Canada has is an act of the Parliament at Westminster passed in 1867? Wilson quotes Professor Lower's history of Canada on a sticky dispute over religious schooling in the nineties. The Prime Minister, says Lower, must have had occasion to feel, "that it is not easy to govern a country, part of whose people are more British than the King and part more Catholic than the Pope." Wilson's account of Duplessis, who ruled Quebec so long, and of the French independence movement which revived after his death, of the curious claustral literature produced by the scions of the *maison seigneuriale*, of the figure of the mother in French Canadian literature, at once fecund and sacred, of the characteristic evasion of the heroes of so many Canadian novels who take to the wilderness rather than the arms of the girl, all have their interest, though they don't inspire much conviction because the literary objects are not quite resistant enough to call out Wilson's best powers.

I think he is quite right in believing that we have not imaginatively grasped the presence of Canada. The situation has not changed enough since Wilson's youth when, he writes, "we tended to imagine Canada as a kind of vast hunting preserve convenient to the United States. . . . There the men of my father's generation hunted big game and fished for trout and salmon." Wilson himself seems a bit casual about Canada's developing scholarly resources. For example, the University of Toronto brought out a check list of Canadian literature in English in 1959, and a long-awaited *Literary History of Canada*, a collaborative venture edited by Carl Klinck came out in February under the same sponsorship. But I admit that I am less concerned about these omissions than about that of my favorite, though admittedly second-rate, Canadian Kipling, Albert Hickman, who wrote some of the best fishing yarns ever published and lured me, fifty years later, to Nova Scotia last autumn.

To come back to Wilson's scolding, why do I call his devotion to the obstinate outsider an "obsession"? *Patriotic Gore*, Wilson's most ambitious collection in recent years, which gathers together his studies of Americans of the Civil War period, provides the fairest answer. In it Wilson is almost continuously interesting, and responsive and responsible to more kinds of accomplishment, more kinds of oddity, more moral and intellectual tones and shades than are embraced by all the topics now being pursued in all the graduate schools across the country – except when he makes general statements about the meaning of the war. The moment he does he reminds us of Mark Twain going on about "the damned human race."

But as I have said, I don't think that Wilson's scolding gives us a ground of attack. If he is withdrawing a part of the generous attention he has lavished on us for so long it is partly because we have failed him. All good writing of his kind invites dialogue, and the dialogue has stopped. If a young man wishes to know what things were like when it was going on, I suggest that he turn to *The Shores of Light* and read "A Preface to Persius," "The All Star Literary Vaudeville," which has an unrivalled and subsequently almost unchallenged series of literary judgments, or the review of Van Wyck Brooks' *Pilgrimage of Henry James*, all printed between 1925 and 1927. Once one gets started on the advantages Wilson might offer the young it is hard to stop. How many other Americans who have been writing about literature during the span of Wilson's activity employed a kind of discourse in which they could even acknowledge that they had fathers, that a professor had taught them something, could bring the great figures to bear on the lesser ones as Wilson has, could, in short, live in the country and bring literature to bear on whatever was most alive in it at the time, Freudianism, Marxism, the sexual revolution (which got an early comeuppance in *Hecate County*), or, to go further back, the Village love affair, and the novel and the memoir of Edna Millay which resulted – if Wilson is now inclined to dismiss us we are far from ready or qualified to dismiss him.

Erich Heller shows that Goethe's interest in science was largely governed by his concern that our methods of inquiry be commensurate with our humanity; if they were destructive of it there would be nobody left to judge the consequences. This is one of our commonplaces about the computer, but it has an obvious application to methods of inquiry into literature. When they

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are of a kind that excludes other human affairs, including politics and biography, we are crippled. The young man I have imagined might learn from Edmund Wilson that there is a middle range of literary discourse, which can embrace ideas and works as the products of persons. In some ways it is cruder than refined textual examination; in some ways it is less inconclusive than the work of European phenomenological critics, like Georges Poulet, or the American, J. Hillis Miller, and it is certainly journalistic in the root sense that it embraces days and times, but without it methodology is uncontrolled and the new spasmodics or existentialists may well make it impossible to resume Wilson's implied dialogue.

Knowledge, Opinion, Philosophy

by Norman S. Care

In some fields of inquiry – astronomy, for example – when it is asked whether research is making progress, no one gets very upset; in a plain sense the professionals can afford to be bored with the question. In other fields, progress is a delicate subject. "Social" scientists are much heckled about such matters these days, as are some species of psychologists. Others, such as literary critics and poets, rarely have occasion for discomfort, since they are seldom accused either of progressing or not. The heckling is often fierce in philosophy. Though progress may have been made, it is not easy to say of what sort it has been.

The Conditions of Philosophy
by Mortimer J. Adler
(Atheneum; $5.95)

Mortimer J. Adler, of "Great Books" fame, now proffers "the requirements to be met if philosophy is to recover from its present state or to improve its condition." One gathers that philosophy is ailing. This news is less distressing once one learns that its ailments are chiefly the ways in which it is not meeting Adler's "generic conditions of progress" for inquiry.

Adler's first condition is that philosophy consist in knowledge which is "characteristically different from," yet be acquired "in the same sense" as knowledge in history and science. Philosophical knowledge, like knowledge in these areas, must be "responsible, reliable, well-founded, reasonable opinion." Such knowledge is labeled *doxa* and is distinguished from "absolutely certain" knowledge and "mere opinion." This is to require that philosophical claims not reduce to the claims of science and history, yet be as open to procedures of testing and refutation as claims in those fields.

Adler is aware of some of the dangers in this. The claims of philosophy are not on a logical par with the claims of science and history. When a historian claims (oversimply) that the chief cause of the Civil War was a conspiracy of Southern slaveholders, we can proceed to evaluate his view in light of agreed-upon evidence. But when a philosopher claims that the causes a historian cites in explaining an event do not guarantee the occurrence of that event, he is making a claim not about the causes of the Civil War, but about the nature of historical explanation. We cannot rush to require that philosophical claims pass tests of precisely the sort that historical claims pass. For the philosopher's claims are not of the same type as those of the historian.

This difference of type, and its consequences for the job at hand, remain opaque in Adler's hands. For example, when he requires secondly that philosophy "be capable of being judged by reference to an appropriately formulated standard of *truth*," he is recommending that we have some mechanism for telling whether a philosopher's view is sound. But he adds that "the only standard of truth that is consistent with knowledge in the sense of *doxa* must eschew certitude and finality; it must allow for the judgment that one theory or conclusion is *truer* than another." But why must any philosophical claim which is not false be merely "truer than others"? The negation of the false view that empirical statements are certain in precisely the sense in which the theorems of an axiomatic system are certain is surely true, and not merely "truer" (and certainly not "less false") than what he negates. Adler suggests that there is no problem in calling the contradictory of an empirically falsified claim "true," for what has been "learned from experience is exactly the same." But philosophical claims of a conceptual sort are not falsifiable in the way empirical claims (*e.g.*, that the world is flat) are. When he admits later that the contradictory of any "single" proposition can be true, he seems to admit, so far as a single proposition might express a philosophical claim, that some philosophical claims are true. But if *only* "truer" claims are consistent with *doxa*, we seem required to give up the condition that philosophical claims be *doxa*. Adler would doubtless try to argue that philosophical claims are based on experience after all – though on "common" experience rather than the "special" experience proper to science. But it is not plain that conceptual views fit this description, unless one stretches the idea of experience beyond usefulness.

Adler's fifth condition is that properly philosophical questions must be "primarily questions about that which is and happens in the world or about what men should do and seek, and only secondarily questions about how we know, think, or speak about that which is and happens or about what men do and seek." When he digs thusly at "analytic" philosophers, he implies that to deal with thinking and speaking about the world is not to deal with the world itself. Questions about language and thought are somehow second-rate. But such question-ranking

"AFTER *so many years of the rhetoric of Liberal abstractions, of containment and coexistence and convergence and appeasement our verbal armor is rusty. Until the President relates his acts to a fundamentally changed strategic posture and perspective, until he initiates the shift from a passive strategy of containment and retreat to a forward strategy of resistance, advance and victory, the acts can amount to little more than episodic spasms.*"

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rests on an artificial base. What else is there to learn (that is philosophical) about what is than what we are thinking about it, whether "we" are scientists, artists, plumbers, or loafers? After all, analytic philosophers do not inquire into the grammatical properties of groups of words. They are concerned to decipher the conceptual features of the variety of frameworks we employ in making our ways about in "the world." I would venture to say that this is a first-rate task.

The sixth condition is said to be an "addendum or corollary" to the fifth. It is that philosophy must answer its questions "in a way that makes contact with the world of common-sense." This is trivial if it requires that philosophy not be fantasy. But it is dangerous if it requires that philosophy not be too difficult for the plain man to grasp whilst bouncing along the subway. Philosophy is now a highly professional, sometimes overly technical enterprise. But it is so, by and large, because of the complexity of its problems. If "make contact" means "be simple," then, as a condition for any serious discipline, it is absurd.

We end with the problem of the status of Adler's conditions. If they are philosophical claims, then, on his accounting, they must be items of *doxa*, and to be sound (truer?), they must pass the different tests he proposes. He nowhere argues this, so perhaps they are not philosophical claims. But they are surely not scientific, historical, or mathematical claims (the rest of the body of natural knowledge, for Adler), and hopefully more than matters of taste. He hints that they are metaphilosophical claims, *i.e.*, statements of a philosophy of philosophy. But what procedures are there for testing metaphilosophical claims? We *require* a discussion serving to justify the recommended conditions of progress. But Adler balks at this, settles for listing (without argument) certain presuppositions of his position, and announces that it is the reader's burden to show how his conditions are incorrect. But burden-placing is dangerous sport in these matters.

Methods of philosophy and criteria for appraising philosophical views derive, in the end, rather like similar fea-

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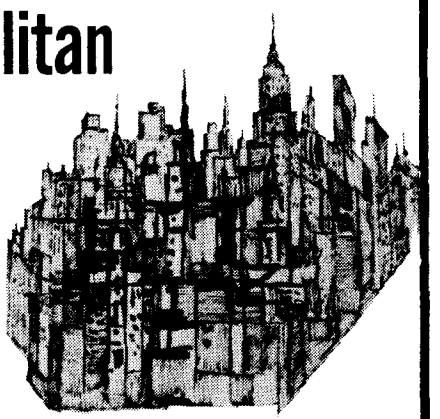

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tures of music theory, from the past and on-going work of practitioners in the field. Perhaps the asking and answering of the questions of philosophy must be undertaken without the luxury of a guidebook for either the asking or answering. This is to say neither that philosophy makes no progress nor that philosophers are wild-eyed. It is to say that we cannot have a before-the-fact line on the changing shapes of philosophical thought. This is part of the excitement of the field. It allows of creative moves in open inquiry.

THEATER

Theater in London

There are theatrical treasures to be found in London this spring, but none have been mined in the West End. Apparently working the same exhausted vein as Broadway, the English commercial theater is currently offering nothing but quartz and fool's gold: flatulent British revues; sleek musicals from America; and half-hearted comedy-dramas which will inevitably find their way across the ocean next season to expire on our doorstep. Of all the plays in the West End, only John Osborne's *Inadmissible Evidence* contains more than routine interest – it has a galvanic performance by the young actor, Nicoll Williamson, and a stunning first act; but the play eventually shatters into formless fragments as the author begins to indulge himself in rhetorical essays on subjects only remotely related to his theme. Nor can the commercial theater lay claim even to this flawed pearl, since it was originally produced by a non-commercial resident group – the English Stage Company – and transferred to the West End only after a successful engagement at the Royal Court.

From all the appearances, the new English drama would seem to be stalled at present. No interesting playwrights have followed on the heels of Osborne, Pinter, Wesker, and Arden, and even these writers have not fully realized themselves. This promises a crisis – but I doubt if a crisis will come. For if English playwriting is in a slack period, English theatrical production is flourishing – the level of performance in this country must surely be at some kind of peak. What remains perpetually astonishing to foreigners like myself, conditioned by the spasmodic nature of American theater, is the number of first-rate permanent theater groups in England which do consistently excellent work. There are more distinguished companies in London alone than in the whole United States, and these represent but a small portion of the fine companies at large. The English Stage Company, for example, does electric performances of modern English and continental plays, under the leadership of George Devine (this seminal figure is, unfortunately, soon to retire from the Royal Court); the Royal Shakespeare Company at the Aldwych experiments with plays of the classical repertory, such as the famous Peter Brook *King Lear*, and such fascinating new plays as Peter Weiss' *Marat-Sade* (disappointingly withdrawn before my arrival); and even the Mermaid Theater, an inferior company by these standards, performs perfectly acceptable revivals of such rarely seen works as the *Wakefield Mystery Plays* and Dekker's *Shoemaker's Holiday*.

The most popular of these companies – and the one with the highest standards of acting – is the National Theater, now temporarily housed at the Old Vic until its own new building can be financed and constructed. The National Theater institutionalizes the concept of British repertory; it represents the logical culmination and development of the policies of the Old Vic. Although it has certain vague affinities with this defunct group, however, the National Theater is a much more dynamic organism, and its personnel is almost completely new. Under the leadership of Sir Laurence Olivier – a dedicated

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artist never known to sink into the sedentary doze of past achievements – the company has recruited some of the most brilliant young actors and directors in the country, and is continually experimenting with adventurous production techniques on a lavish scale.

Not since its beginnings at Chichester, however, has the National Theater always proved equally adventurous in its choice of plays, and the program of this season must, I think, constitute a low point. I had the ill luck to arrive here while Olivier was making a film, and *Othello* and *The Master Builder* had been consequently removed from the program. These plays, along with *Mother Courage* which is just preparing to open, are certainly solid choices in any repertory season. But the five plays that remain, and that I was able to see, could have been done just as easily by a commercial management. I am told that the company directors thought they were taking quite a gamble in producing Peter Shaffer's *The Royal Hunt of the Sun*, but it is a huge popular success, and predictably so – there is nothing in the play itself to discourage West End producers except the enormous expense required to mount it. I have no doubt that Hollywood will be very attracted to this pseudo-epic on the Spanish conquest of Peru, because its bloated form, pretentious theme, mundane prose, and sentimental sermonizing are tailor-made for CinemaScope. As for the four revivals in the program – *Much Ado About Nothing, Hay Fever, Hobson's Choice,* and *The Crucible* – they are all, in varying degrees, familiar enough chestnuts, and hardly in desperate need of warming over by a large subsidized theater.

The National Theater, to be sure, is not an experimental troupe, but one does expect of it a little more daring, if only because Kenneth Tynan is its resident *Dramaturg*. Its timidity can be partly traced, I think, to the English audience which, while made up of inveterate and enthusiastic theatergoers, is not composed of many eager for probing artistic experiences (the majority of Englishmen seem to me, if I can risk a huge generalization, seriously unsettled by – if not actually hostile to – expressions of the intellect, whether in art or elsewhere). Then, again, part of the blame can be attributed to that Board of Governors which has been appointed to pass on each play in the National Theater repertory, for although this bureau has only exercised its veto once (in the case of Wedekind's *Spring's Awakening*, a play immediately produced, and very sensitively, by the more courageous English Stage Company), its very presence must act as a restraining influence. Whatever the reasons, the National Theater seems a little reluctant to lead its public much beyond the demands of a sound middle-class taste.

Within the limitations of its program, however, the company functions admirably. As an ensemble, it manifests a continuing identity in everything it does, but each production enjoys a unique style of attack, and the performers are so versatile that they are virtually unrecognizable from play to play. Modelled on the approach of Olivier, who is probably the greatest character actor in the world, the technique of the company is to submerge personality entirely in the demands of

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each role. Costume, makeup, inflection, posture, gesture – these, rather than personal idiosyncracies or egoistic self-indulgence are the conspicuous elements on the National Stage. The company constitutes such a brilliant ensemble, in fact, that it can almost change your mind about the quality of its plays, for it brings to each work a vital pulse and a new dimension.

This is most evident in the National Theater production of *The Crucible*, a play I prepared to see without enthusiasm, having endured it many times and never with much pleasure. Under Olivier's muscular direction, however, what had always seemed to me a rather simplistic melodrama of ideas took on some of the proportions of Shakespearean tragedy – heroic, grandiose, and even rather dark. Most impressive of all was the transfiguration of Miller's dialogue. Spoken by the cast in English country accents, it developed such vigor and authority that I had to admit I had been underestimating the eloquence of the author's language in this work; and the final prison scene was acted so movingly (particularly by Joyce Redman) and staged so cruelly (with Proctor and his wife confronting each other in opaque gloom, haggard with fatigue and torture, their wrists crippled by manacles) that I was almost persuaded there were real emotional depths beneath all the self-righteous posturing.

Hobson's Choice and *Hay Fever* were equally impressive productions of extremely fragile plays, but in neither was the company, for all its felicity of style, able to sustain my interest through the full course of the evening. Harold Brighouse's Lancashire comedy of 1916 was included in the repertory, I assume, not only because it is popular with audiences but because it is generally thought to be the forerunner of recent regional English plays – but I found it much closer to the sentimental tradition of Barrie's *What Every Woman Knows*. Then, David Lean had already adapted a fine movie from this play, with an incomparable performance by Charles Laughton as a brawling, eructating Hobson, and this made the National Theater production, though smart and sprightly, pale by comparison. Noel Coward's *Hay Fever*, wisely directed by the author as a period piece, displayed the company in a variety of blazers, flannels, cloche hats, bobbed hairdos, and John Held evening clothes, doing hilarious caricatures of upper-class idlers, changing partners for that incriminating kiss in the library. Most of the comedy here was to be found between the lines – in the reactions of Maggie Smith's bored vamp, of Robert Lang's sedate and blinking diplomat, of Robert Stephen's fatuously grinning playboy – but the crispness of the subtext could not sustain the slackness of the text for more than one act, and the play evaporated long before its end.

The company's fondness for playing subtext threatened to become really outrageous in *Much Ado About Nothing*, a play adjusted to a more contemporary idiom by Robert Graves, and directed by Franco Zeffirelli as if it had been written for a 19th Century Sicilian carnival. Zeffirelli's whole conception was based on the fact that Shakespeare had located the play in Messina. Encouraging his actors to speak in a variety of Italian accents (some continued to speak, unaccountably, in standard English), he introduced blaring brass bands, tinkling pianolas, street festivals, Italian tenors, bawling washerwomen on the style of Magnani, ice-cream vendors, expresso waiters, and peanut-cracking villains obviously recruited from the Mafia. This sort of hare-brained notion you either accept, or reject entirely, writhing over the violations to the play and its poetry. My impulse was to accept it for the sake of the fun it added to the comic portions of the play; but I gradually grew tired of the director's perpetual interruption of the intrigue plots in order to introduce his increasingly self-conscious and coy tricks. It is one thing to have some actors, costumed like Neptune and his mermaids, impersonate a stone fountain as a means of dressing the stage; it is quite another to have Benedick shake hands with this "fountain" at the end of a scene. On the other hand, the company performed with such joyous spirits that one was willing to forgive many of the excesses and inconsistencies of the production; and Albert Finney, playing Don Pedro as a melancholy, cigar-smoking aristocrat, and Frank Finlay, translating Dogberry into a swarthy leader of the

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Carabinieri, with an immigrant accent, Charlie Chaplin moustache, and trailing Napoleonic cloak, executed the director's concept so perfectly that it was almost redeemed from its own gimmickry.

The most colorful and opulent production of the National Theater season, surely, was John Dexter's and Desmond O'Donovan's staging of *The Royal Hunt of the Sun*. I will wait for the New York presentation before elaborating on my low opinion of the play; but whatever his inadequacies in dramatizing them, Peter Shaffer has certainly used materials that are eminently theatrical. Antonin Artaud was also aware of the theatricality implicit in the conquest of Peru, and wrote a scenario for his Theater of Cruelty based on the same events. One of the many advantages of the Artaud version over the Shaffer is that it is a wordless spectacle, and whenever the National Theater company was permitted to escape from Shaffer's longwinded pseudo-Lawrentian mulings, it created a vibrant visual display that Artaud would have adored. Performed on a wooden platform backed by a huge golden medallion (this opened later to become a raised inner stage), the action traversed continents, oceans, jungles, and mountains. By the use of ritualized mime, the Spanish troops arduously climbed the Andes in full armor, engaged the Incas in a swirling, tumultuous battle, looted the temple of its masses of gold, witnessed dances of harvest, death, and rebirth, and finally strangled the Incan king in one last act of vicious betrayal. It was a rich, stirring production which drew on all the possibilities of the stage and all the magnificence of an exotic Peruvian culture; and it had a performance of supreme incandescence by Robert Stephens as Atahualpa, the Incan king-god – physically impressive, vocally bizarre, the closest thing to Kabuki acting I have ever seen on the Western stage.

This, like most of the company's productions, is splendid theater, but much less satisfying as drama; and I, in my churlish way, would be happier if the company could serve the interests of both. The National Theater, now only a few years old, has quickly established itself as perhaps the best acting ensemble in the English-speaking world, and attracted a large and well-deserved following; but it remains to be seen whether it will use this advantage or be used by it, whether it will develop more boldness in its programming or continue to mount works that guarantee popular appeal. This decision, in turn, may help to decide whether England will continue to play a part in the advance of the drama or simply relax into a theater of wholesome entertainment and pleasant civilized escape. But such is the excellence of the current English stage that even the latter alternative is hardly to be deplored

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

FILMS

Therapy and Thaumaturgy

Synanon deals with drug addiction, the most frightening of vices because the effects of drugs are reportedly so beautiful. All of us have some idea of the benefits and dangers of alcohol; but because the effects of heroin are much more euphoric and because they cannot even be sampled without tremendous risk, the very idea of drugs is simultaneously more tantalizing and more fearful.

Synanon (Columbia)
Ken Murray's Hollywood
(John Golden Theater)
Mister Moses (United Artists)

The Synanon movement, which has been much discussed, is made up of a number of small institutions housing addicts and ex-addicts. The therapeutic method, in brief, is immediate withdrawal and a kind of group therapy administered and attended by ex-addicts: but without the pietism of Alcoholics Anonymous. The psychological validity of the relation between user and ex-user is obvious. What can a "square" say to a junkie in the throes of withdrawal symptoms? What can he know about the craving? It is like advice on sexual reform from a celibate cleric. Whatever the faults of the Synanon movement may be, it draws much strength from its central idea of, in several senses, community.

The movement would provide material for a good short documentary. Instead it has been used for a long fiction film, with just enough factual basis to make regrettable the need to report a poor result. Edmond O'Brien and Richard Conte play leaders of the house with a grim-jawed histrionic sincerity that mocks whatever truth they speak. Eartha Kitt, so effective as a singer, so squeaky-voiced and strained as an actress, makes falsity of what is probably a true story of a reformed addict-prostitute. Chuck Connors, a mobile California redwood, and Stella Stevens, a baby-faced, bubble-bosomed ninny, lend vacancy to their roles as addicts. Alex Cord, as another addict, goes to

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the other extreme; he gives us *plenty* of acting. Only Richard Evans, as yet another addict, brings credibility and even some style to his part. Richard Quine, who has been a skillful director, is here weighted with the script by Ian Bernard and S. Lee Pogostin, which – as in "serious TV" – combines sententious factualism with garish artifice.

May one add – in the face of the dreadfulness of the drug problem – that reformed addicts, like reformed drunkards and criminals, are a considerable drain on our patience? One of our contributions to their recovery, I suppose, is to listen to them. But, as with ex-Communists, it seems a little unfair, in the abstract at least. Those who, through luck or wisdom, have never succumbed to any of these temptations, first have *en masse* to help our society survive the depredations of these people before they reform; then we have to endure their proud autobiographical narratives of suffering and redemption after they recover.

The mythic quality of the film star, which is something quite different from and sometimes unaccompanied by acting ability, is one of the fascinations of our century. The star has some attributes of a demi-god, plus intimacy and mortality; he dispenses magic, but he is also one of the family and he dies. A Yugoslavian director said to me – through a translator, which made the matter of universality more striking: "I knew Gary Cooper's face better than my brother's. And when he died . . ."

Ken Murray, a veteran vaudeville comic who has not deteriorated through the years because he has never been very effective, has had a hobby since 1927 of taking "home movies" of stars – in studios, in their villas, on vacations. He has edited this collection into a program which he presents with himself, in person, seated at the side of the stage as commentator. He and his movie album are now at the Golden Theatre in New York. His generally insipid comments can be borne because his film mementoes are highly interesting as backstage glimpses and as social history. Even those who have never heard the names Ben Lyon and Claire Windsor can feel the tug of Fitzgerald's Hollywood. This rambling but pleasant record runs from the late Doug-and-Mary days to the present TV inhabitants of the studios, with some figures recurring through the years, like Bob Hope and Cary Grant. Maurice Chevalier's first sound test is included, as are some glimpses of the 16-year-old Marilyn Monroe in a talent contest. The highlight is a record of a stay at San Simeon at least a generation ago, in which Hearst and Marion Davies gambol with their guests.

The star mythos gets further exercise in a nonsensical but surprisingly entertaining film called *Mister Moses*, about an American medicine-show con man stranded up-country in East Africa with his caravan. The plot – as if the premise weren't enough – involves him with the daughter of a missionary and proceeds to such unblushing fabrications that the whole has an air of cheery nonchalance: something like those silent films for which the next day's sequences were written over drinks at the end of a day's shooting.

As the daughter, Carroll Baker is, for a change, bearable; and two Negro actors named Raymond St. Jacques and Orlando Martins are forceful. But the picture is sustained by Robert Mitchum in the title role. From time to time in the past, he has given acting performances; here he is simply present – paunchy, casual, obviously being very tolerant of the plot, but screen-fillingly present. When he opens his eyes after being knocked out near the beginning, looks up at the girl whom he has never seen before, and quickly induces her to lie to her fiancé about him, we believe at once in her acquiescence. It is a fact that may irritate aestheticians but it is nevertheless a fact: some film personalities, whose profession it is to supply their personalities, have greater affective powers than many much more legitimate artists.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Joseph L. Featherstone *is a graduate student at Harvard.* I. F. Stone *is a veteran Washington correspondent.* Quentin Anderson *is the editor of a forthcoming history of American literature.* Norman S. Care *has recently joined the philosophy department at Antioch College.*

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RECORDS

Verdi's Macbeth

There is a perceptive observation by Tovey – that "the highest qualities attained in important parts of a great work are as indestructible by weaknesses elsewhere as if the weaknesses were the accidents of physical ruin" – which I have found useful to quote many times, and quote now again in connection with the new recording of Verdi's *Macbeth* on London A-4380 and OSA-1380. Some of those who concede the magnitude of his late operas still condescend to his early ones; but *Il Trovatore* and *Rigoletto* have – with their crudities and absurdities – melodic structures like *"Tacea la notte"* and *"Parmi veder le lagrime"* which testify to the impressiveness of the Verdi powers even in this earlier stage. And in *Macbeth*, earlier still, the testimony is even more amazing. In this work one hears Verdi at times operating conventionally – and to the ears of today laughably – in the styles of the period; but one hears him at other times operating creatively, which is to say with freedom and force, in response to dramatic need, carrying this operation to sheer incandescence in the sustained vocal invention and supporting orchestral writing of the Sleepwalking Scene (*e.g.* the powerful accompaniment figure with its stabbing note of the English horn). And whereas the superb aria *"La luce langue"* was introduced in the revised version of 1865, the Sleepwalking Scene, one of Verdi's most extraordinary achievements, was in the original work of 1847.

The accompaniment figure I just mentioned has in the new London performance conducted by Schippers the power it lacks in the earlier performance conducted by Leinsdorf on RCA Victor LM- and LSC-6147; and one hears this contrast between Schippers's enlivening treatment of the orchestral part and Leinsdorf's unenlivening treatment of it throughout the work. So with the powerful expansiveness of Schippers's treatment of the violin melody in the Prelude, as against Leinsdorf's flaccid treatment of it: this contrast too is heard throughout the work. In other words Schippers conducts with a feeling for the expressive character and style of Verdi's music that Leinsdorf's conducting doesn't exhibit. This is enough to make the London performance the one to acquire; and in addition it has singing by Birgit Nilsson and Giuseppe Taddei that is impressive even though their voices aren't as beautiful as Rysanek's and Warren's of the Victor performance. I prefer the mono London recording, in which the voices aren't as distant from the microphone as in the stereo.

Schippers also conducts Verdi's *La Forza del Destino* effectively on Victor LM- and LSC-6413. Leontyne Price sings not only beautifully but with moving expressive intensity; and there is good singing also by Richard Tucker (though his tenor hasn't the warmth and ease of flow that the music calls for), Robert Merrill, Shirley Verrett and Giorgio Tozzi. However I should add that the earlier performance on London A-4405 and OSA-1405 has Tebaldi in her prime, singing with less expressive intensity than Price but with more luscious beauty of tone, and Bastianini and Simionato – enough to make one endure the unpleasant voice of Del Monaco.

Though Victor features Joan Sutherland in the performance of Bellini's *Norma* that is conducted well by Richard Bonynge on LM- and LSC-6166, and her singing is at times remarkable – chiefly in its accuracy and style in florid passages – it also has its familiar limitations and mannerisms: the unattractiveness of the lower range of her voice, the little moans and little explosions of tone that are part of her phrasing of melody. And actually it is Marilyn Horne – with equal accuracy in florid passages, and a marvelously beautiful voice which is deployed with superb style in the musical phrase – who does the greatest singing in the performance. The condition of Callas's voice makes the performance on Angel 3615 one to avoid; but the excerpts from her still earlier performance on Angel 35379 are something to acquire.

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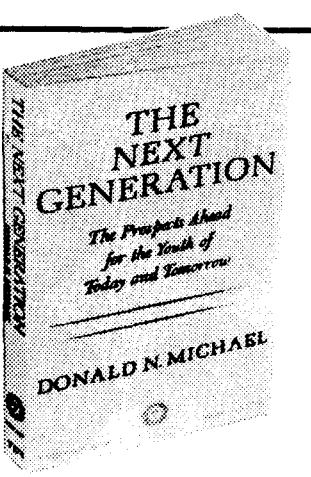

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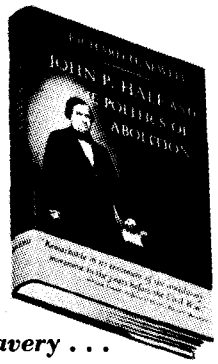

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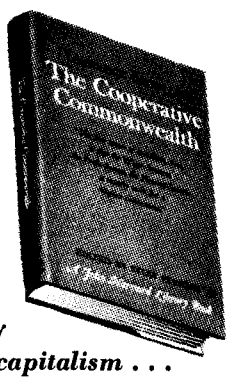

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Handel's engaging ode, *Alexander's Feast,* a setting of a poem by Dryden, is on Vanguard BG-666/7 and BGS-70666/7, performed well by Honor Sheppard, soprano, Max Worthley, tenor, Maurice Bevan, bass, and the Oriana Choir and Orchestra under Alfred Deller.

Angel continues the single records with Schnabel's unique performances of Beethoven's piano sonatas: COLH-53 has the three sonatas of Op. 10, of which the third is a full-blown and impressive specimen – the first in the sonata series – of the Beethoven dramatic utterance; COLH-54 has another such utterance, Op. 13 (*Pathétique*), and the two less familiar, and engagingly undramatic, sonatas of Op. 14. They are reproduced well.

As against these performances which illuminate the music, Glenn Gould's performances of the Op. 10 sonatas on Columbia ML-6086 and MS-6686 give us the impress of the extraordinary Gould mind on the music. Much of the time this is fascinating and exciting in itself and in what it does with the music. But it includes the by now familiar perversities: thumping out of a bass line, or even a bass figuration, as a melody, sometimes one which obscures the true melody in the right hand – this out of an apparent passion for polyphony that leads Gould to create it where it doesn't exist, without regard for the damage to the actual homophonic writing. And the speeding up of the first movements is carried in Op. 10 No. 3 to the point of musical unintelligibility.

A performance by the superb Gold-Fizdale two-piano team would be even better, but one is glad to have Mozart's Sonata K.448 played as well as Vladimir Ashkenazy and Malcolm Frager play it on London CM-9411 (mono). The reverse side has a beautiful performance of a Schumann piece that I find uninteresting – the Andante and Variations for two pianos, two cellos and horn.

Listening to Copland's *Music for the Theater,* played by Bernstein with the New York Philharmonic on Columbia ML-6098 and MS-6698, I recognize what was so impressive when I heard it in 1925, but note in addition the details that foretold some of Copland's later writing. The reverse sides have him as soloist in the work that followed this one, the Piano Concerto, which he describes as the last of his experiments with jazz in symphonic writing. Its interesting feature is what sounds like amazingly accurate quotations of phrases and figurations from the performances of jazz musicians.

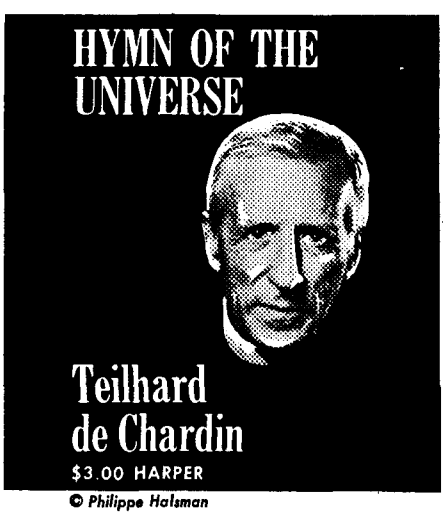
B. H. HAGGIN

Correspondence

Berkeley and Beyond

Sirs:

In his discussion of the student revolt ("Berkeley and Beyond," May 1), Irving Howe congratulates the Free Speech Movement for its lack of doctrinaire theories; but it seems that he is all too ready himself to provide a theory. Having explained some of the reasons that might account for student frustrations, he hastens to say that it is all the fault of the system – in this particular case that 50-year-old bugaboo "bureaucracy." (Since Max Weber everything is blamed on bureaucracy.) Now I do not deny that the students may have legitimate reasons to demonstrate against the present system and to ask for some form of consultation or grievance procedure, or at least, a suggestion box. But there is not a shred of evidence that the student revolt in Berkeley had anything to do with these legitimate grievances. If this so-called system of multiversity was really the reason for the student



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revolt, the remedy would be the easiest in the world, and it would be entirely in the hands of precisely that faculty which so ardently supported the students: I am told that at Berkeley the students are not even allowed to know where their professor's office is, and that there is no means of getting in touch with him by telephone. The bureaucracy certainly has not imposed on the professors this barrier to communication; it rather seems that the professors, who anyway give only one or two courses a semester, don't wish to be bothered by the students. The professors could remedy the situation if they wanted to; hence the students should picket them rather than "the bureaucracy."

Incidentally – what does the student actually lose in this so-called system? He is deprived of contact with a celebrity who considers teaching a nuisance and would not help the student in any case; instead, he is put in contact with young assistants who are full of fire and just love to give younger fellow students a hand – quite apart from the fact that, as long as they have not published much, their effectiveness as teachers is their yardstick of achievement and ability. I must confess that where I was a student one never thought of getting in touch with the professor until one was ready to think of a thesis, nor did one need to communicate with any administration. We considered studying as a means of acquiring knowledge and the faculty as the guardians of a treasure of tools which we tried to inherit from them. In all the publications of the Free-Speech Movement, I have not discovered any awareness of this basic (I guess one says now "existential") relationship between teacher and student, or any eagerness to improve this relationship. In fact, some of the leaders of the present movement are non-students, and their concern is not the abolition of bureaucratic procedures or of the sophomoric methods of textbook teaching or of the competitive system of admissions, and not even of the scandalous system of tuition fees. On the contrary: their concern is basically extra-academic, namely political. They want to be involved in the civil rights movement, in pacifism or in radical criticism of our society, and they would like to use the facilities of their university to organize.

However, this demand is not comparable to a trade union's effort to organize a shop. It is political, not functional. The students who ask for "free speech" are not concerned with *academic freedom* but with *civil rights* in the sense of the First Amendment. What the students have tried to do or to express is something that may be a legitimate demand of their generation, but it is not a demand for specific academic freedom. The freedom of research, the freedom to express scientific opinions and even political, philosophical, theological and other speculations is not curbed at any university in the United States. What we mean by academic freedom is the trinity of freedom to do research, freedom to teach, and freedom to learn. A student movement should be concerned with the last part of this trinity. Most undergraduates merely cram for the coming test. They are not interested in academic pursuits, in ideas or in free research; they are interested in getting their degrees as soon as possible as an admission ticket to certain jobs. They go through the required number of courses and read the required pages in indicated books; they don't take courses that are not useful to their career and they never read a whole book for the sheer pleasure of an ideal meeting with a great mind (only the editorialists impute this desire to them). And since they cannot take pleasure in reading they consider themselves overworked.

It may be that the country needs trained experts. But being an expert in something does not make a man an intellectual. What the country really needs is academic teachers who like to teach and who pursue research for the sake of finding truth. What this country also needs is students in quest

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of teachers and in pursuit of truth. Both such teachers and such students have a right to be in rebellion against the "system," against bureaucracies, requirements, tests, and "publish or perish." And this would be a revolt for academic freedom. The present student revolt is not concerned with this academic freedom. It has more similarity with the German *Burschenschaften* of a hundred and fifty years ago, and with other political or pseudo-political movements that were able to pass themselves off as academic for the simple reason that in underdeveloped countries the students represent the middle class. *Henry M. Pachter*
New York City

Space and All That

Sirs:

In Richard L. Strout's article "Space and All That" (May 8) there are a few inaccurate and dubious points:

1. The stars "Tau Geta" (really spelled Tau Ceti) and Epsilon Eridani are not one light year away; no star is that close. They are, respectively, 10.2 and 10.5 light years away.

2. According to my *Harper's Dictionary of Classical Literature and Antiquities* Phobos and Deimos were the sons of Ares (Mars) and not the horses pulling his chariot.

3. I doubt if many theologians interpret "Image of God" to mean physical image. Paul Tillich says, "Man is the image of God because . . . his *logos* is analogous to the divine *logos* . . ."

Richard Embs
East Lansing, Michigan.

Eden and the Suez Affair

Sirs:

Patrick O'Donovan (in "Lord Avon's Vantage Point," May 15) does Anthony Eden an injustice in complaining that Eden does not deal with the Suez affair in *The Reckoning*. *The Reckoning* means to deal only with the period 1938-1945. Eden devoted a third of the first volume of his *Memoirs, Full Circle*, published in 1960, to the Suez crisis.

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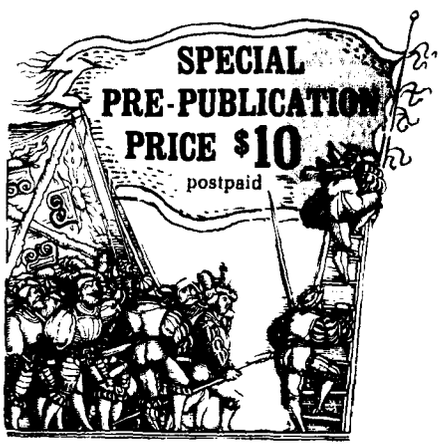

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